

The Australian

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March 23, 1955

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PRICE



PET POSSUM
JO-JO
See page 17



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 23, 1955

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LET'S HAVE LESS LITTER!

SOON the Easter holidays will be here and thousands of Australians will set out for the country or the seaside.

Though the amount of enjoyment everyone will derive from this short break will vary with individuals, one thing is unfortunately invariable.

The seaside, the countryside, the highways, and the byways will all suffer. Litter, much of it dangerous, will mar Australia from end to end.

The cause of this widespread tendency to desecrate the countryside is hard to define. Many a family which prides itself on the neatness of its own home thinks nothing of driving off from a picnic spot leaving the defenceless bush looking as if a whirlwind had hit it.

Apparently the main trouble is that home-training in tidiness often does not go far enough.

Many mothers who scold their children for leaving toys on the lounge-room floor do not take the lesson in tidiness further to include the neighbors' property and public property among the areas which should be kept clean.

Almost universal car ownership, coupled with the national urge to travel round, undoubtedly increases the general education and enjoyment of Australians. It also increases the litter problem.

Nowadays no spot is too remote to avoid desecration. Even the lonely lyre-bird finds himself picking his way through empty cigarette packets and banana skins when he tries to sing and dance in his once hidden mountain glade.

Most infuriating point about the litter menace is that its solution is so simple. It's not a matter for governments but for individuals.

If everybody follows the old slogan of clearing up before clearing out, litter can disappear immediately.

How about trying it this Easter?

Our cover:

● Penny Hoskins, 11-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hoskins, of Wollstonecraft, Sydney, offers a posy to the family pet, Jo-Jo, a possum which the Hoskins have had since it was two weeks old, when it had to be bottle-fed. Bottle feeding ceased some weeks later when Jo-Jo was found happily lapping gin. Now her diet includes such items as marmalade—and geraniums. On page 17 you see Jo-Jo playing possum.

This week:

● Dick Richards, London stage and film columnist gives a lively close-up of the film world's gift to womankind — Marlon Brando the Untamed, who he remarks has done pretty well for himself for a young man who delights in kicking convention squarely in the pants. This is the first of three articles on Brando.

● This is the season for sweet corn and our cookery section has several suitable recipes—corn in fritters, crusty corn bake, and corn and chicken with sauteed pineapple. If chicken is flying too high for a family meal, try corn-stuffed pork chops as a special treat.

● Home dressmakers will be delighted with the two pages of autumn fashions shown in color for which patterns are obtainable.

● A superb color shot of the Barron Falls, near Cairns, Queensland, makes a full page in our Beautiful Australia series. Amateur and professional color photographers from all States are competing for a place in this series, and thousands of transparencies have been examined in our office.

Next week:

● Winners of the Peter Mitchell Trust Award will be announced. Finalists from all over Australia have come to Sydney for tests to discover who is going to be the beneficiary this year. More than £1600 is available in an annual prize for young women, under the will of the late Mr. Mitchell, who was a New South Wales grazier.

● Photographs taken in color specially for us will show the A-line, Dior's own modification of the H-line. Lavender-pink and yellow are the favorite pastels in his collection, the color surprise of which is a magnificent ball gown in emerald-green.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

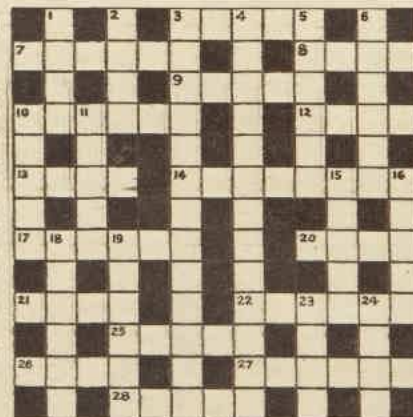
ACROSS

2. It seems to prove that no Edward is famous (5).
7. Take a couch to pieces to get something to sweeten your breath (6).
8. Need of paradise (4).
9. The male one was killed by a sparrow (5).
10. Such a man supposed to know the art of government (6).
12. The picture of a saint I study (4).
13. Medley made of an oriental mile and nothing twice over (4).
14. There is always a troubled liar in this country life (8).
17. Muddled Scottish Johnnie with another Scot outside could be raving mad (6).
20. Most famous king of the stage (4).
21. Where the Londoner goes for foreign food (4).
22. Fabrics which cannot be made without will (6).
25. Badly articulated job in a musical instrument (5).
26. Father for a start, father for the end, and father for the whole (4).
27. Clever subordinate soaked with rain (6).
28. Line reached in confused anger (8).

Solution will be published next week.

PRISONER OF WAR
ENVY PALE
DESPERATE RE
AER B NOBEL
NATURAL LE
T T E R D
EMINENT A
X Y UNIFIED
PEALS R S M D
EN LANDSCAPE
N I A E G R
DEAD MEN'S SHOES

Solution to last week's Crossword.



DOWN

1. Not able to turn upside down this jargon (4).
2. Mistle which is mostly heated (4).
3. Toy gun for Mr. Lindrum (7, 6).
4. The most quoted Shakespearean question (2, 2, 2, 2, 2).
5. Refusal of request (6).
6. Change sides about an electrical unit (6).
10. Talk violently in temper (8).
11. A mortgage which is foreign (5).
15. I precede an agitated Leda to form the perfect type (5).
16. Stories which you spin (5).
18. Sweet smells as round a Queensland town (6).
19. So a rib may appear as a line on a map (6).
23. A terrible Russian (4).
24. Yearn much from end to end (4).

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A charming short story

By IAN S.
HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

The Date

NOW don't get all worked up about it, Trudi said to Trudi. After all, he probably only invited you because he had no one better to take. She tapped furiously at her typewriter, and every time a key struck the paper it seemed to be saying: Lunch, lunch, space, lunch lunch lunch lunch, stop, lunch lunch . . .

"Oh, blow!"

"What's the matter with you today, Trudi? That's about the tenth error you've made on that page. Have a late night last night?" asked Vi, a fellow office worker. "Yes," said Trudi, ceasing the scrubbing motion with her rubber and gazing at the office door—or through it, really.

The other typists stopped like a well-oiled machine.

"It's on again, is it?" asked one.

"What's the betting it's a footballer this time?" said another.

"Oh, no, it couldn't be. The last one was a footballer, remember?"

"Come on, Trudi. Out with it. What's he like?" Vi asked.

"Well," said Trudi, oblivious of the good-natured chiding. "He's—he's—oh, I don't know. He's so different."

"Mmm. So was that one about two months ago. You know, the clever one who knew all about books and things."

"But I mean it this time. I met him at a party last night and he was such fun. I had a wonderful night. It—it was just wonderful. We danced, and then he asked me to have lunch with him today, and we danced some more and," she sighed, "it was, well, it was wonderful, that's all."

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! You've got it bad, darling."

"Look out. The boss."

And, like a machine again, the typists recommenced their clatter-banging. With a visible effort Trudi dragged herself back to the material world. But not for long. Trudi went on talking to Trudi.

Take it easy. He doesn't mean a thing to you. You're just fooling yourself. Well, you can't possibly mean a thing to him anyway. Last night it was the infectious gaiety of the party—and probably the moonlight. But it's likely that today he doesn't even remember your name.

But he is nice, isn't he? I mean, the way he looks at you, and the way he talks to you. And then there's all those little things that he notices. He likes your new shoes; you didn't think he'd even seen them. And when he brushed back that wisp of hair that had escaped at the back and you didn't know anything about it, you felt you almost belonged to him, didn't you?

And, well, he is wonderful, isn't he? He's so different—the other girls just laughed when you said that, but he is different, isn't he? He's so considerate. And you're having lunch with him. You're meeting him at one o'clock in Royal Arcade, outside that favorite hat shop of yours.

You'll be looking at the hats, and he'll come walking down the arcade and he'll see you, and when you turn he'll be looking at you in that very special way, and then . . .

"Oh, curse, curse, curse!"

And out came the rubber.

The typists broke out in a fit of subdued giggles, but it subsided quickly, and no comment was forthcoming. Mr. Cutts strode into the room.

"Have you finished that report yet, Miss Meredith?"

"Almost," lied Trudi, rubber poised over paper.

"Well, hurry it along. I want to take it with me in a few minutes."

"Very well, Mr. Cutts."

Wouldn't it be just perfect if he worked here? (Trudi to Trudi again). You wouldn't mind typing his reports a hundred times if he wanted you to. In fact, you'd love to do it for him.

And you'd work back late if he needed you, and you'd even work through your lunch-hour—but

To page 49

"Come on," said Vi to Trudi as she stopped typing and gazed into space. "Tell us exactly what he's like."



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Concluding our
delightful
serial

By
**CHARLES
TERROT**

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP



An Alligator Named DAISY

FEELING thoroughly scared of what he might find on his arrival, Peter caught a taxi to the small Cromwell Road hotel at which Auntie Eunice had been a resident for twenty years. There was no one about in the hall, so he went straight up to her room, which was on the top floor. Knocking on the door, he called out, "Auntie, are you all right?"

He thought he heard a faint groan. He tried to open the door, but it was locked.

"Auntie, are you all right?" he called out again, louder this time.

A scratching noise sounded on the inside of the door, then the grate of a key in the lock.

As he entered the room, a wave of foul-smelling gas hit him and he nearly tripped over the prone body of Auntie Eunice, who had evidently summoned up just sufficient strength to unlock the door. He picked her up and put her on the bed, beside which the telephone dangled at the end of its cord. Then, almost overcome by the choking fumes which issued from a little tent of bath-towels, he staggered across to the window and flung it open.

Never had London air smelt so good as he stood there for a moment with heaving chest. When he turned, the first thing which met his gaze was Daisy's snout protruding from beneath the bed.

"Oh, crumbs!" he sighed. The alligator gave a little bark of pleasure and waddled across to him, her eyes gleaming with a wicked-looking jauntiness.

"Brandy!" moaned Auntie Eunice. "Brandy in the medicine cupboard."

He found a flask and held it to her lips. She at once sat up, choking and red-eyed.

"Oh, Peterkins, how can you forgive me?" she croaked. "I've failed utterly and completely to send your little pet to Summerland."

"That's all right, Auntie," he muttered. "It can't be helped."

"I used four cylinders of gas... four whole cylinders, and she seemed to actually like it! It's the first time I've failed in my duty!" The old lady burst into tears.

"You mustn't look at it like that!" he told her unhappily.

"But you don't understand, Peterkins! It's dreadful! After this I shall never be able to put another living creature to sleep. Don't you see? All my confidence is gone now! I've failed!... Failed!... Failed!"

Some ten minutes later he left the room, taking Daisy with him. Auntie

Eunice had physically recovered, but whether she would ever mentally recover was another matter; it might well be that the Kensington Furry Friends Protection Society would have to look out for another exterminator.

On Monday evening Sam Dyson was about to lock up his pet shop when Peter entered, carrying Daisy's bag.

Gwen, the parrot, greeted him with a malicious cackle: "Shooting finished for today! Save your lights! Strike the set!"

"Aw, shut up, you stupid bird!" growled Sam.

"Good evening, Mr. Dyson. Remember me?" Peter put the bag on the counter.

"Course I do!" answered Sam. "You're the gent with the alligator. How's the little beauty getting on?"

"She's fine, but I'm a desperate man."

Sam eyed him with sardonic amusement.

"Got you into a spot of trouble, eh?"

"This morning she got me turned out of my home. I tell you, she's steadily ruining my life."

"She won't ruin it, but it's quite likely she may change it." Sam locked and bolted the door, then began spreading dust-sheets over the fish tanks. "Alligators and crocodiles have curious effects on some people."

"As if I didn't know!" exclaimed Peter. "You should have been in my home around five o'clock this morning when this one started barking; I thought I'd have to call the doctor to give my father a shot of morphia. Within twenty minutes I was out on the pavement with luggage, alligator and all! I haven't even had the courage to go back and collect my piano."

Sam nodded understandingly.

"Yes, an alligator in a London home can present a problem. Of course, yours couldn't have been altogether happy if she started making a racket at that hour. But there's a lot we don't understand about alligators and crocodiles. Did you know that the ancient Egyptians used to worship 'em? And I've read somewhere there's tribes up the Amazon who talk to 'em. Of course, you'll say that's superstitious nonsense, but I'm not so sure. There's never smoke without fire."

"I dare say," said Peter, somewhat testily, "but I'm neither an ancient Egyptian nor a savage. What's more, I'm living in twentieth-century London, where it's quite impossible to find a hotel or boarding-house to stay in if one happens to have an alligator in tow."

"Not impossible!"

"All I can tell you is I've spent the whole day trekking round trying to find a room, and as soon as I mention about Daisy, there seemed every possibility that the police would be called to arrest a dangerous lunatic."

"I think I might be able to help you."

"You mean you'll take Daisy off my hands?"

"I didn't say that. Besides, you don't want to get rid of her—not really."

"I can't get rid of her—I've tried everything. Listen, Mr. Dyson, you must understand—I AM NOT FOND OF ALLIGATORS! This one was foisted on me by a complete stranger. If it'll interest you, I'll tell you about it."

"Come through to my sitting-room and have a drop of wallop."

"Thanks. But first I'd better take Daisy out of her bag; she's been in all day. D'you think I could put her in your bath?"

"Surely!" answered Sam.

Daisy seemed none the worse for her travels when she was taken out of her bag and deposited in Sam's chipped old bath upstairs, but possibly her temper had suffered, for she slashed her tail angrily and tore out the plug.

"Here, I'm not having any of that kind of nonsense!" exclaimed Sam. "What's the idea?" He replaced the plug and turned on more water. "Perhaps she doesn't think my bath's good enough for her. Have you been spoiling her by putting her in a lot of posh baths?"

"She's been in two fairly luxurious bathrooms during the past few days," admitted Peter. "One had a shower which she liked very much."

Sam grunted. "Let's give 'er Ladyship a bit of fish—that may restore her good humor."

After Daisy had been fed, they went down to the sitting-room and Sam poured out some beer. Peter briefly related how Daisy had come into his possession, adding that if it had not been for Moira he would have got rid of her in a very summary fashion.

"It's a sad story!" commented Sam. "But I can't help thinking you're really fond of Daisy despite everything."

"I hate her!" Peter retorted sharply.

"You've looked after her very well!"

"Merely because I'm sorry for her."

Sam took a deep draught from his tankard, and smacked his lips.

"Of course, I could take her off your hands. There's people I know in the Alligator Fancy who'd snap her up... but I'm not altogether keen to do that."

"For heaven's sake, why not?"



The castle grounds presented an amazing sight — they were thronged with people proudly parading pet alligators.

"Would you mind if I asked you a very personal question?"

"Go ahead!"

"How d'you feel about Moira?"

Peter hesitated. "She attracts me tremendously, but they're times when I find her very disconcerting—she's so unconventional! However, I admit I want to see her again just as soon as I can. Twice today I've called the research place where she works, but I was told she wasn't available."

"She said she'd drop in here this evening," Sam mentioned casually.

For the first time that day Peter looked cheerful.

"I hope I'm still here," he said.

"Of course, she is unconventional—and as wild as they make 'em."

"She ought to get on well with the Head Hunters."

Sam looked puzzled. "With who?"

"The Head Hunters in South America. Hasn't she told you about her crazy idea to go and join her fiancé, who's out there?"

"I didn't know she was engaged!"

"Well, she is. He's a missionary and his name's Albert—if that rings a bell."

Sam shook his head. "Never heard of him. When did she tell you this?"

"The other day when I took her to Epping Forest."

"And they're really going to live among the Head Hunters?"

"Apparently so."

"Well, I'm blown! She's a secretive little thing is our Moira—I've noticed that before. She probably wouldn't have told me until the day before she leaves England. How soon is she going?"

"I gather some time next year."

"Of course, I can imagine that the banks of the Amazon—or wherever the Head Hunters hang out—might attract her very much indeed. There'll be lots of wild animals and big snakes; I've no doubt she thinks she's going to have a whale of a time."

"She's the craziest girl I've ever met!"

"Her trouble is she thinks life's just one big, happy lark."

"I must say I wish I felt that way," Peter remarked ruefully.

"Well, I dunno—there's a lot to be said for the bumps in life. Take Moira; she'd probably say she was as happy as anyone can be, and yet, y'know, she hasn't known real happiness because there's been no contrast in her life—it's been all light and no shade."

so far as I can gather. If you ask me, a good jolt wouldn't do her any harm at all; it would make her feel more deeply."

Sam paused and looked at Peter quizzically. "Well, are you going to carry on with her despite this missionary bloke?"

"You bet I am!"

"Then I should hang on to Daisy. She's nuts about her, and likes to think of you owning her."

"So it seems!" said Peter grimly.

"She said to me the other day, 'I think Peter's got something bottled up inside him and I believe Daisy'll bring it out.'"

"Silly!"

"I'm only repeating what she said; it doesn't make sense to me either. Still, the point is, do you want me to take that alligator off your hands?"

"How can I keep her when I've nowhere to go? I haven't even the foggiest idea where I'm going to sleep tonight!"

"I've told you—I can help you there."

"You mean you know of a hotel or boarding-house where alligators are welcome?"

Sam nodded. "Judy Merton's, which is just round the corner. It's patronised exclusively by circus and show-business people. Judy used to do a trapeze act with a gorilla. Now she's a member of the Cat Fancy."

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by the bell ringing.

"That'll be Moira," said Sam, getting up. When Moira came into the room and saw Peter she looked slightly confused for a moment, then pleased.

"Why, sure, I never expected to see you here!" she exclaimed. "Have you got Daisy with you?"

"She's in Sam's bath," he answered. "Moira, I'm sorry about what happened on Friday."

"Ah, don't give it another thought!"

"I'll tell you about it later."

"Have you had to leave home because of Daisy?"

"Yes."

She clapped her hands. "Oh, I'm glad to hear that!"

Sam said, "I'm taking 'em round to Judy's. What about a glass of beer first to celebrate your engagement?"

She laughed. "Has Peter told you about Albert? I'm sorry; I was going to keep him as a surprise until he comes home to fetch me. No, I won't have any beer, thanks, Sam. I've only dropped in for a minute—

I'm going up to Edinburgh on the night train."

"That's also news to me! What d'you want to go up there for?"

"I'm giving four lectures on ecology. The professor was going, but he can't make it, so I'm taking his place. Also, incidentally, I've got to see about a job at the Edinburgh Zoo?"

"A job?"

"Um, they've just offered me one in their Lion House, but I don't know whether I'll take it."

"You don't mean you're leaving the Foundation?"

"It's closing down," she told him sadly. "We heard this afternoon that the Government has decided to cut our grant by five thousand pounds a year. That means we can't carry on."

"Wicked!" exclaimed Sam.

"What a rotten shame!" said Peter.

"Yes," she agreed. "We're all very upset."

"What reason did they give?" said Sam.

"We've been told we're a waste of public money." Her beautiful eyes flashed with anger.

"To think of it—after all the reports we've sent out during the past year! The trouble with those Government Ministries is they're so hide-bound by convention they can't realise that man still has a tremendous amount to learn from nature."

"What happened to that report on how electric eels generate current? I thought it was rather good."

"Oh, the Ministry of Fuel and Power said they couldn't see their way to converting Battersea Power Station into an aquarium."

"Is that what you suggested?" Peter asked.

"Not exactly," she answered.

Sam put his hand on her shoulder.

"Never mind, Moira! Remember it took years to convince people that there was any future in steam power. One day someone may dig up your report, then there'll be another industrial revolution."

"Oh, sure!" she said with an attempt at a smile.

"Now what d'you say we collect Daisy and all go along to Judy's?"

She brightened. "Yes, I'll come, but I can't stay long because I've got this train to catch."

"I'll run you to King's Cross in the car," said Peter.

As they were leaving the room she touched Peter's hand and said, "I'm glad you've still got Daisy. I had a dreadful feeling you'd get rid of her."

"I'll put up with her for a bit longer," he answered with a grin. "But if you decide to take a job in Edinburgh, anything may happen."

They all squeezed into Peter's car and drove a short distance to Judy Merton's red brick villa. They found Judy in the hall talking to Mrs. Carper, who was trying to sell her a vicious-looking alley cat.

"No, dear, I really can't take him. He's very nice, I'm sure, but there might be trouble with my Persians." Judy, who was clasping a tiny kitten to her bosom, nodded pleasantly to Sam and Moira. "Hallo, dears! I'll be with you in two ticks!"

"Ten shillins, that's all I'm askin'!" Mrs. Carper raised her voice. "Arl a quid for this beautiful purrer whose dad won an international cat show."

"But what about his mum?"

"Yus, wot about 'er—I'll tell yer! She wuz—"

"I wouldn't worry, dear, really I wouldn't! Look, if you'll pop along now like a good girl and not worry me or my friends here to buy your pretty pussy, I'll tell you a secret."

Mrs. Carper cupped a hand to her ear.

"Yus?"

"Mr. Claverhill is coming to stay here tomorrow."

"Cor!" Mrs. Carper's eyes widened in excitement. "Yer think 'e'll buy some more of me jumpers?"

"I shouldn't be in the least surprised."

"Then you tell 'im I'll be along on Wednesday mornin' with some of the sharpest

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P85 FP

How well he remembered her telling him that the man she loved didn't even know she existed.

The Interlude

BY BETTY KJELGAARD

Why do I always think of sunlight when I see her eyes shine? John thought. "Yes?" he said.

"If you're short of cash," Ellen Reece said, "I can let you have a pound."

It took a minute to sink in. She thought he was broke because of what he'd said to the laundryman. Should he laugh? He didn't.

He said gravely, "Thanks, Ellen. I'll manage all right." He was unaware that he was still looking at her until she blushed.

"Bless you," he said, and turned away and walked on up another flight of stairs to his own two rooms.

He bathed, shaved and changed his clothes hurriedly, because he was meeting Norma Mitchell at half-past six.

Thinking of her, he tried to recapture the anticipatory glow he had felt when he left the office a while ago, but something intangible kept thwarting him. He went out and down the stairs again.

A narrow streak of light was visible under Ellen's door. John smiled. That big-hearted, pretty girl. Then he stopped smiling. The numbskull she was in love with ought to have his eyes opened.

She had told John about him a couple of months ago. He'd seen her coming out of a solicitor's office where she worked and they'd walked home together. It was spring.

John had said, "Ah, love—it's everywhere tonight." He had turned whimsically to her, "Are you in love, Ellen?"

"Yes," John had asked, "What does he do?"

And Ellen had said, "He works in an office. I don't know exactly what he does. Or care. It's not his job that's important."

"And is he in love with you, Ellen?"

"He doesn't even know I'm alive—that way." Her face colored.

He waited ten minutes at the bus stop before Norma came. He went towards her swiftly. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," Norma replied.

He took her arm and steered her outside.

"Tell you what," he said, smiling. "Let's set a precedent—let's take a taxi and go to O'Brien's for dinner."

"Don't be funny, John. This has been one of those days when I wish I were anything but a dress buyer."

After an instant, John replied agreeably, "All right. The coffee shop it is, then."

They walked around the corner to the coffee shop.

Norma glanced at the menu. "I'll have the special," she said. She hadn't really looked at him.

John ordered and brought his eyes back to her. "If you had nothing else in mind for tonight," he said, "I thought we could—"

"Look, I might just as well get it over with now." She stopped,

went on, "John—this is the end between us."

Everything about him stilled completely. "I suppose it's been coming," he said, "for quite a while, hasn't it?"

"A girl can't wait forever for a man to get somewhere," Norma said. "You mean," John said quietly, "like being made sales manager of Pasco Mills?"

"Six months," Norma said. "You've been saying for six long months now that you were going to get the promotion."

"And you didn't believe I would," John said.

Something came and fled in his eyes.

Her voice was deliberate. "No," she said.

"And you're sure you won't wait any longer?" he said. He tried to smile, to joke. "Who knows what tomorrow may bring?"

"There is no tomorrow," Norma said, "for us."

The waiter was at the table, leaving their food. When he had gone away again John asked, "What's he like, Norma?"

She ate a radish with delicate little bites. "What makes you think there's someone else?"

His look went over the sleek, dark perfection of her. "You're not the type," he said, "to while away your evenings with a book."

She preened under that. "He makes optical things—binoculars and the like," she said. "They're sold all over the world. He's an older man."

"Of course," John said.

Her fork poised in the air. "What do you mean, 'of course'?"

"I don't know," John said. "It just came to me to say it."

"He's not that old," Norma said. They ate in a little silence.

"I suppose," John said, "that he'll take you to some expensive place."

"Tomorrow night," Norma said, "we're going to O'Brien's for dinner."

"And probably dancing afterwards?"

"Yes, at the Chanticleer."

"And I could never afford to take you there," John said.

"If you'd really gone after that job you could have," Norma said.

John's eyes grew bright. "I see. I'll always remember that the mark of success is a table at the Chanticleer."

He put milk in his coffee. "I don't imagine you'll be meeting at any pleasant spot like the bus stop, will you?"

"He's picking me up at home," Norma said. "He has a big grey car."

"I thought some day I'd buy a car," John said. "A big blue car."

"Darling, there's no use begging," Norma said. "It's not that I'm mercenary. But a girl has to take advantage of—well, her opportunities. So do you. You'll find someone else. Someone's probably waiting for you somewhere right now."

"You're quite right," John said, for the voice came unbidden. "He



When Ellen reached her door she turned, smiled in her shy sweet way, and said, "John?"

Ellen opened it. She was wearing an apron.

"Oh," she said.

"Hello, Ellen," John said. "I was wondering if you'd like to go out tonight."

She did not come forth with any pretence, any feminine badinage. She just looked at him and said, "Yes, I would, John." But her face was rosy.

He smiled, as if he had suddenly discovered a secret. Maybe he knew at last the blind nitwit Ellen loved.

"Good," he said, and came into the room. He went on, "It's a celebration. I was promoted today, and I reserved a table for this evening at a place called the Chanticleer."

(Copyright)

JOHN had just reached the hall of the block of flats where he lived when the laundryman caught up with him.

"Your shirts, Mr. Radnor," he said.

John took the package. "Right," he said, and started to reach for his wallet and knew the laundryman wouldn't have change for a ten pound note. "Can I pay you next week?"

"Okay," the laundryman said.

A girl had come in and was moving towards the stairs. "Hello, John."

"Hello, Ellen." He walked behind her up one flight, trying not to look at her trim ankles.

When they got to her door, she turned; she said in her sweet, shy way, "John?"

He could hardly believe it, but the little rag doll felt alive to his touch.

The Enchanted Doll

IT was three years ago today that I first saw the strange and alluring doll in the window of Jim Carter's stationery and toy shop near Abbey Lane, just around the corner from my consulting room where the brass plate with the black lettering on my door reads—STEPHEN AMONY, M.D.

And I feel impelled to try to set down on paper some record of the things which resulted from that meeting, though I am afraid it will be a crudely told story, for I am not a writer, but a doctor.

I remember just how it was that day, the autumn sun shining across the Thames, mingling with the soft coal smoke from the ships on the river and the street smells of the poor neighborhood. The flower-seller's stall at the corner was gay with dahlias, asters, and chrysanthemums and a nearby barrel organ was playing "Some Enchanted Evening."

As I turned the corner and came to the toy shop, I was made once more aware of the poor collection of toys in the dusty window and I remembered the approaching birthday of my niece. So I stopped and examined the window to see if there might be anything appropriate, and browsed through the bewildering array of unappealing objects.

There was a toy red fire engine, crudely made lead soldiers, cheap cricket balls, pads, and bats, all a-jumble with boxes of garishly colored boiled sweets, bottles of ink, pens, pencils, gritty stationery, paper-backed novels, and comics.

My eyes eventually came to rest on the doll tucked away in one corner. She was overshadowed by the surrounding articles and barely visible through the grime of decades collected on Jim's window, but I could see that she was made all of rag, with a painted face, representing a little girl with the strangest,

tenderest, most alluring, and winsome expression on her countenance.

I could not wholly make her out, due to the shadows and the film through which I was looking, but I was aware that a tremendous impression had been made upon me, that somehow a contact had been established between her and myself, almost as though she had called to me.

It was exactly as though I had run into a person, as one does sometimes with a lovely girl, or a stranger in a crowded room, with whose individuality one is indelibly impressed and which lingers on.

I went inside and replied to Jim's greeting of: "Morning, Doc, what can I do for you? You out of tobacco again?" with—"Let me see that rag doll, the one in the corner by the roller-skates. I want to send something to a little niece of mine."

Jim's eyebrows went up into his bald head and he came round the counter, the edges of his shabby jacket flapping. "That doll?" he said. "That doll now could cost quite a bit of money, probably more than you would want to pay. She's special made."

Nevertheless he took her from the window and placed her in my hands, and here it was that I received my second shock, for she had the most amazing and wonderful quality. No more than a foot long, she was as supple and alive to the touch as though there were flesh and bones beneath the clothes instead of rag stuffing.

It was, indeed, as Jim had said, hand-made, and its creator had endowed it with such incredibly lifelike features and lively grace that it gave one the curious feeling of a living presence. Yet there was even more than that to her.

Could a doll be said to have sex appeal in the length and proportions of her legs, the shape of her head, the swirl of her skirts over her hips? Was it possible for an emotion to have been sewn into the seams marking the contours of the tiny figure?

To hold it was to feel a contact with something warm, mysterious, feminine, and wonderful. I felt that if I did not put her down I should become moved by her in some unbearable fashion.

I laid her on the counter. "What is the price, Jim?"

"Four quid."

It was my turn to look astonished. Jim said, "I told you, didn't I? I only make a couple of bob on it. I don't need to make no profit on you, Doc. You can 'ave it for three pounds fifteen. Over in the West End, in some of them big shops, she gets as much as six and seven quid for 'em."

"Who is 'she'?"

"The woman from Hardlea Street who makes 'em. She's been there about a couple of years now. She trades 'ere. That's 'ow I come to get one once in a while."

"What is she like? What is her name?"

Jim replied: "Can't say exactly—something like 'Calamity.' She's a

As I gazed at the jumble of stuff in the window of Jim Carter's shop I became aware of the rag doll.

big, flashy, red-haired woman. 'Ard! Wears a lot of furs. Not your type, Doc."

I couldn't understand it, or make the connection between the woman that Jim described and the exquisite little creature that lay on the counter.

"I'll take her," I said. It was more than I could afford, for my practice is among the poor where one goes really to learn medicine. Yet I could not leave her lying there on the counter amidst packets of matches, dusty boxes, and papers, for she was a creation that gave me the feeling that some part of a human soul had gone into the making of her. I counted out three pounds and fifteen shillings and felt like a fool.

I felt even more of a fool when I had got her home and was repacking her to send to Birmingham. Again I experienced the impact of the tiny figure, and realised that I had the greatest reluctance to part with her. She filled the small bedroom I have behind my surgery with her presence and brought an indescribable longing to my throat.

When I returned from posting the parcel to my niece, I thought that would be the end of it. But it wasn't—I couldn't get it out of my head.

I thought about it often and tried to reconcile the emotion it had aroused in me with what Jim had told me of the flashy, red-haired woman who had created the object, but I could not. Once I was even tempted to pursue the matter, find out who she was, and perhaps see her. But just at that time chicken-pox landed in our neighborhood and drove everything else out of my head.

It was a few weeks later that my telephone rang and a woman's voice said, "Dr. Amony?"

"Yes."

"I passed by your place once and saw your notice. Are you expensive to call privately? Do you cost a lot for a visit?"

I was repelled by the quality of the voice and the calculation in it. Nevertheless I replied: "I charge five shillings. If you are insured or really cannot afford to pay, I charge nothing."

"Fair enough. I could pay five bob. But no more. You can come over? Callamit is the name. Rose Callamit. It's the house on Hardlea Street, next to the greengrocer's. Just walk in—it's on the second floor."

I arrived at the house and mounted two narrow, musty flights of stairs, dimly lighted and creaking. A door was opened an inch or so, and I felt I was being subjected to scrutiny. Then the unpleasant voice said: "Dr. Amony? You can come in. I'm Rose Callamit."

I was startled by her. She was very tall, with brick, henna-dyed hair and an overpowering smell of cheap perfume. She had dark eyes, almond-shaped and slanted slightly in an Oriental fashion, and her mouth was full, thick-lipped, and heavily made up. There was a horrible vitality and flashy beauty about her. I placed her age at somewhere between forty-five and fifty.

The deepest shock, however, I sustained when I entered the room,

which was one of those front parlor-bedrooms of old-fashioned London houses, furnished femininely but with utter vulgarity, with bad prints, loud satin cushions, and cheap glass scent bottles.

But hanging from the wall, lying about on the bed or tossed carelessly on to the top of an old trunk, were a dozen or so rag dolls, all of them different, yet all of them, even at first glance, filled with the same indescribable appeal and charm as that of the similar little creature that had made such a profound impression upon me. I realised that I was in the presence of the creator of these astonishing puppets.

Rose Callamit said: "Tall, dark, and handsome, eh? Ain't you kind of young to be doctoring people?"

I answered her sharply, for I was angry, uncomfortable, and irritated. The rediscovery of these beautiful and touching creatures in this cheap, disgusting atmosphere and in connection with this horrible woman had upset me. "I'm older than you think, and my looks are none of your business. If you don't want me to treat you, I'll go."

"Now, now, Doctor. Can't you take a compliment?"

"I'm not interested in compliments. Are you the patient?"

"No. It's my cousin. She's ill in the back room. I'll take you to her."

Before we went in I had to know. I asked, "Do you make these dolls?"

"Yes. Why?"

I was filled with a sense of desolation. I mumbled, "I bought one once for a niece."

She laughed. "Bet you paid plenty for it. They're the rage. Come on, then."

She led me through a hall into the smaller room at the back and opened the door partly, shouting: "Mary, it's the doctor." Then before she pushed it wide to admit me, she cried to me loudly and brutally: "Don't be surprised, Doctor, she's a cripple!"

The pale girl, clad in a dressing-gown, in a chair over by the window, was caught with a look of utter despair on her countenance. I was disgusted and angry again. The way the woman had said it was in itself crippling. She was not only telling me that Mary was a cripple, she was reminding Mary.

She could not have been more than twenty-four or twenty-five. She seemed to be nothing but a pair of huge and misery-stricken eyes, and what was shocking was how low the lamp of life appeared to be burning in them. She was very ill.

From that first visit I remembered the underlying sweetness of her presence, the lovely brow and shapely head, now too big for her wasted frame, the translucent, blue-veined hands, hair now limp and lustreless. She had a mouth shaped to incredible pathos, soft, pale coral, and ready to tremble.

But I saw something else that astonished me and gave my heart a great lift. She was sitting near a sewing-machine. All around her were paints and brushes, rag material, linen, stuffing, thread and needles, the paraphernalia needed for making dolls.

Her present illness and her deformity were two separate things; yet it was the latter that caught my



An appealing and tender story

By PAUL GALLICO

attention even from the door, something about the way she sat, and made me wonder. The technical name for her condition would be unintelligible to you, but if it was what it looked to me at first glance, it was curable.

I asked, "Can you walk, Mary?" She nodded listlessly.

"Please walk to me."

"Oh, don't," she said. "Don't make me."

The pleading in her voice touched me, but I had to be sure. I said: "I'm sorry, Mary. Please do as I ask."

She rose unsteadily from her chair and limped towards me, dragging her left leg. I was certain I was right. "That's good," I said, smiled encouragingly, and held out my hands to her. Something strange happened. For a moment we seemed to be caught up in each other's eyes.

I felt she was being swept away and drowning in the dark pool of her misery and despair, while the air all about me seemed to be quivering with the force of her silent cry to me for help. Her hands lifted towards me for an instant in imitation of my gesture, then fell back to her side. The spell was broken.

I asked, "How long have you been like this, Mary?"

Rose Callamit said: "Oh, Mary's been a cripple for almost ten years now. I didn't call you for that. She's ill. I want to know what's the matter with her."

Oh, yes, she was ill. Sick unto death, perhaps. I had felt that as soon as I came into the room. With my glance I invited the big, vulgar woman to leave the room, but she only laughed. "Come off it, Dr. Amory. I'm staying right here. You find out what's the matter with Mary and then you can tell me."

When I had finished my examination I accompanied Rose into the front room. "Well?" she said.

I asked: "Did you know that her deformity could be cured? That with the proper treatment she could be walking normally in . . ."

"Shut up, you!" Her cry of rage struck like a blow against my ears. "Don't you ever dare mention that to her. I've had her looked at by people who know. I won't have any young idiot raising false hopes. If you ever do, you're finished here. I want to know what's wrong with her. She won't eat or sleep or work good any more. What did you find out?"

I replied: "I don't know yet. I found nothing suspicious organically. But there is something terribly wrong somewhere. I want to see her again. In the meantime I'm prescribing a tonic and a stimulant. I'd like to look in again after a few days."

"You'll keep your big mouth shut about curing her leg, you understand? Otherwise I'll get another doctor."

"All right," I said. I had to be able to return to visit Mary again. Later we would see . . .

When I picked up my hat and

To page 38

"Don't be surprised, Doctor," said Rose Callamit harshly as she looked at the girl in the chair, "she's a cripple."



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THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I AM appalled by the increasing number of criminal attacks on women. While I do not condone sex assault, I think women collectively are much to blame. Never before have women made themselves more provocative in dress, make-up, manner. Women don't realise how potent their charm is. Even decent family men can be affected. Is it really necessary for women to arouse the cave-man instinct in every man they see by an assortment of perfume, postures, and come-hither looks?

£1/1/- to (Mrs.) S. Moses, Windsor, N.S.W.

IT is most upsetting to read reports about Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Townsend. For years I have looked up to George VI, his wife and daughters as perfect examples of a good Christian family. Now Margaret, a communicant of the Church of England, is said to be considering marriage with a divorced man. It is astounding that a girl trained to uphold the tenets of her faith should let such a problem vex her mind. Perhaps it would be a difficult decision for some girls, but surely Margaret's whole life and family history have shown her that true happiness demands that she remember her faith and duty and sacrifice her own desires.

10/6 to (Mrs.) S. Spraggett, Hobart.

LET us be practical in helping people made homeless in the recent floods. Why not organise a temporary pool of labor composed of all single girls and able-bodied men among the flood victims? They could be given jobs outside the flood areas, thus enabling them to be fed, clothed, and housed. The change of scene, their independence, and the activity of mind and body would be a real tonic for these people. Rotary and other clubs could work together in organising this move.

10/6 to "More Than Charity" (name supplied), West Cairns, Qld.

GOVERNMENT grants and public subscriptions for flood relief show what can be done even in a few hours in an emergency. Could not these grants and gifts be raised before disaster overtakes a town, and the money used to dredge rivers, reinforce dams and river banks, and divert the course of the river so that less damage would be done to towns by rising waters? I am ignorant of such matters, but surely local government bodies could decide on a remedy and make it their most vital project. It goes without saying that the ever-generous public would be glad to assist these projects financially.

10/6 to be paid to Flood Relief Fund for Mrs. L. M. Honeman, Penrith, N.S.W.

I BORROWED a book from the library last week and was shocked to see that the previous reader had made stupid scribbles all through the pages. The story was spoiled for me by this person's comments. Why must some people spoil others' enjoyment?

10/6 to "Unkind Scribbles" (name supplied), Maryborough, Qld.

WHY aren't church officials and caterers for wedding receptions compelled to provide a strip of cheap carpet on the paths the bride walks? After a dust storm last week, I saw a bride in a £60 dress walk over dust and leaves. When she reached the church door her train was filthy.

10/6 to Mrs. K. Ramsey, Paradise, S.A.

MANY parents allow their very young children to answer the telephone, revelling in the idea that it shows their intelligence. That may be—but to me there is nothing so frustrating as to dial a number, hear the receiver lifted, then—nothing. It is all right if children are old enough to answer and get their mother, but children younger than this should definitely be forbidden to use the phone.

10/6 to "Gran" (name supplied), Kingsford, N.S.W.

FRIENDS pity me because the needs of my young family force me to relinquish sporting and social interests. Their concern over my dull life is wasted, because I find my happiness with my little ones. Childhood's precious span is so brief that we women are foolish not to enjoy our kiddies to the full. All too soon their growing outside interests will gradually take them away from us. Then we will have plenty of time for gadding.

10/6 to P. Nowdar, Ballarat, Vic.

Sales in church

"HOODLUM" asks whether fruit and vegetables used as harvest festival decorations should be auctioned later in the church (The Australian Women's Weekly, 9/3/55). At our church after the harvest festival is over, all the fruit and vegetables are sent to an eventide home for old people, so we thus share our prosperity with the less fortunate. I think this is a better idea than selling the produce for church funds.

10/6 to "Worker" (name supplied), Hurstville, N.S.W.

IT may be of some interest to "Hoodlum" and Church of England folk to know that the Law Book of the Church of England in the diocese of Armidale says: "A church after it has been consecrated or licensed shall not be used for any other purpose than the celebration of divine service, the administration of the sacraments, or the performance of the rites and ordinances of the Church of England, or the giving of religious instruction, except with the consent of the priest and of the bishop..." This proviso at the end covers such things as the screening of religious films, but would not stretch itself to sanctions of auctions or sales, such things usually being held outside the actual church building.

10/6 to (Rev.) R. A. Dyson, The Currague, West Armidale, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week in future we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

A FEW years ago I realised that, although we never quarrelled, my husband and I were drifting apart. I thought back to the early days of our marriage, when my husband helped me with the household chores so I could help him with his work in the garden, and wondered where we had gone wrong.

Because I was so anxious to right things I began by studying my own behaviour. I found that instead of asking my husband to do things I had unconsciously been telling him to do them just as I did the children.

Now I say to him, "Would you mind doing this?" or "Have you time to do so and so?", and it is really amazing how willingly he does the jobs that previously were ignored.

All of us resent being ordered about, and to be told "You'll have to put a new washer in this tap," or "Hadden't you better mow the lawn?" was nothing less than ordering. Now I consult him about most things, and our home, instead of being a battleground of petty incidents, is a happy place once more.

£1/1/- to "M.B." (name supplied), Caboolture, Qld.

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SYDNEY'S TIN TEMPLE



THIS SCENE outside the main Stadium entrance at the conclusion of a Frankie Laine concert is typical of any Big Show nights, when enthusiastic fans hold up the hooting traffic, and disrupt tram and bus transport.

Where fans have caused traffic jams for nearly fifty years

By Ainslie Baker,
staff reporter

When visiting American "Big Show" stars perform at Sydney Stadium, sometimes called the "tin temple of stoush," they are following in the choppy wake of boxing champions, religious meetings, heavyweight wrestlers, political debates, and recruiting rallies.

TOGETHER with the adjacent White City tennis courts and Weigall Sports Ground, it stands on what was once a Chinese market garden.

In its 48 years' history, the Stadium, owing allegiance to no known architectural style, and of quite remarkable hideousness, has known riot, fire, and every phase of mob hysteria—to say nothing of traffic jams in the street outside.

The 500,000-odd fans who since July have been to hear Artie Shaw, Gene Krupa, Johnnie Ray, Louis Armstrong, Billy Daniels, Nat "King" Cole, Frank Sinatra, and

Frankie Laine added a few gimmicks of their own.

They forced kisses upon their idols, attempted to tear off ties—one woman somehow managed to jump on to Johnnie Ray's back. He fainted.

In the Stadium's hectic, battle-scarred history, glamour personalities and strong feeling have always gone hand in hand.

Its patrons are always mad about or mad at somebody.

When the Newcastle wonder boy Les Darcy lost on points to the imported Fritz Holland in his first big fight, Newcastle supporters, to show their disapproval, took the perhaps un-

duly patriotic step of firing the building.

When the firemen arrived on the scene they had not only to put out the fire, but drive out Darcy's still demonstrating supporters with fire hoses.

It would be no exaggeration to say that a quiet night at the Stadium would be about as out of keeping as a Mardi Gras at Buckingham Palace.

By no means all the best fights take place in the ring. It is old news that a Stadium fixture means a busy night for the police.

Celebrity-happy kids chasing American entertainers to their dressing-room are an easy mark for the police,

whose more usual job is to break up fights among over-enthusiastic spectators.

The wire mesh that separates the bleachers from the dearer terrace is not, as you might think, there to stop the throwing of hard objects, but is to restrain traditionally enthusiastic bleacherites from moving into seats that they haven't paid for.

The unupholstered bleacher seats are marked off to allow 18 inches per person. At a "Big Show" you can always pick out the regulars—they carry their own cushions.

The Stadium was put up as a temporary building in 1907 by the galvanic sports promoter and theatrical impresario Hugh D. McIntosh.

The astute Hugh D., wearing his oldest clothes, had leased the land from its sympathetic owner for £2 a week for two years.

The company, to begin with, was named "Scientific Boxing and Self Defence Ltd."

The American invasion started not with Artie Shaw but in 1908, when the Stadium staged the first white-negro world heavyweight championship between Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson. The stake was £8000, the biggest ever offered.

Johnson, the negro, won, and collected £1000. The defeated Burns took away £7000.

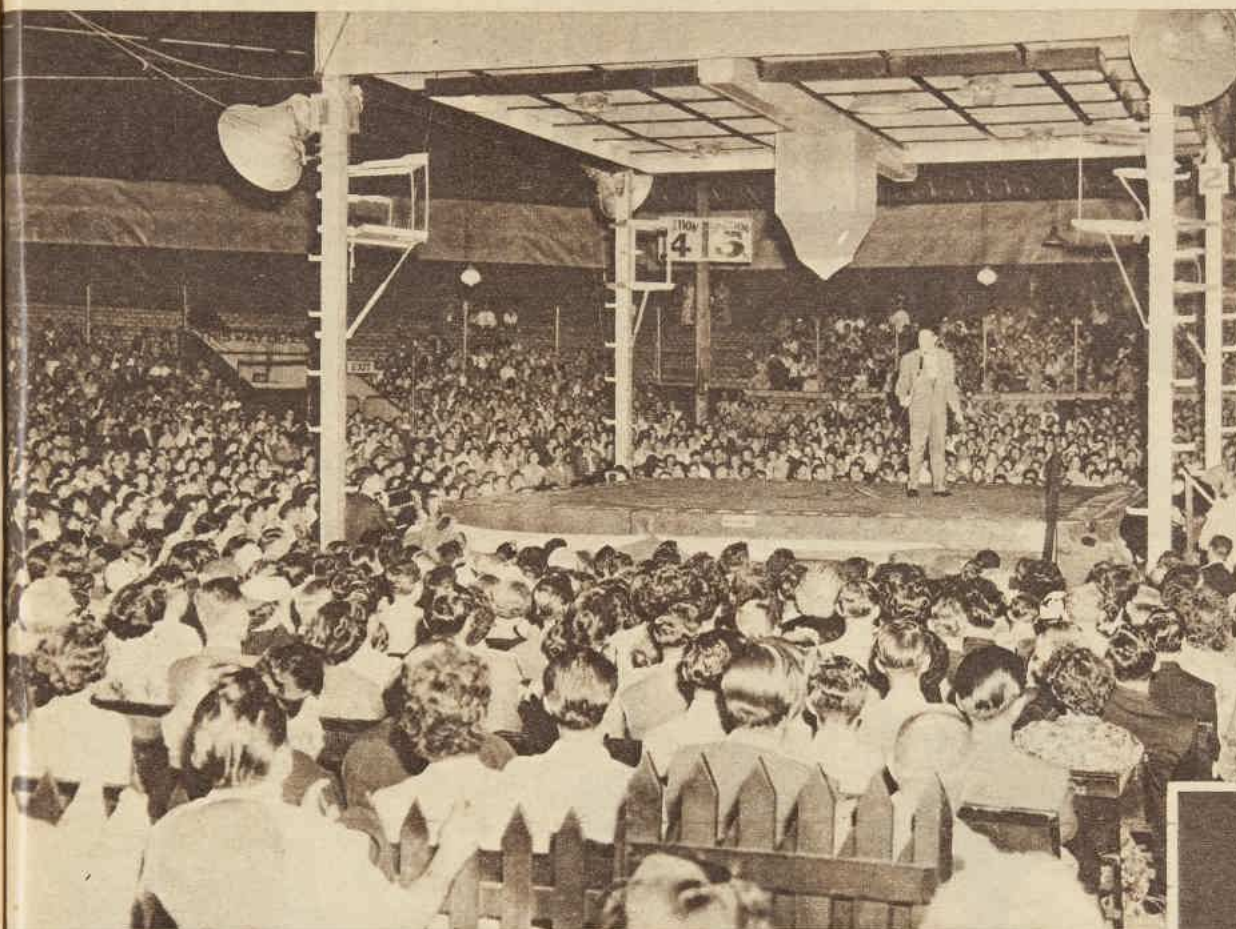
The string of American boxers McIntosh imported proved so profitable that in 1911 he remodelled and roofed the Stadium and sold it to the glamor sportsman Snowy Baker for £36,000.

The Melbourne financial giant John Wren joined Snowy when the present company, Stadiums Ltd., was floated.



HUGE CROWD jammed the road outside the Stadium following the Burns-Johnson world championship fight of 1908. Note the predominance of straw boaters and the absence of women among the crowd.

Show business, boxing, and rallies



NAT "KING" COLE sings from the ring where many negro boxers have earned money a harder way.

With the remodelling and roofing came the daring innovation of "Thursday matinees." Up to this time no woman was allowed past the door of the exclusively all-male building.

The three or four society ladies of slender build and adventurous disposition who dressed as men and had tried to do so had each been instantly detected and ejected.

Now fashionable Sydney could each Thursday afternoon admire the torso (beneath tights) of the boxers working out for the next Saturday night's fight.

As a touch of refinement a string orchestra was provided, and afternoon tea was served to the ladies sitting elegantly in the ringside seats.

With the outbreak of World War I came recruiting rallies, impassioned oratory, and patriotic songs. Then the Stadium closed for the duration.

In the boom 'twenties there was further innovation. Bills were introduced mixing boxing with vaudeville.

But the real vaudeville, most patrons will agree, came with the introduction of wrestling.

With the wrestlers came new women fans. But this time there was no string orchestra, only the yelps and howls of the mountainous matmen and sometimes of the referee.

In the mid-'twenties the Stadium got another face-lift, when the old asphalt floor was replaced by jarrawood, and the building blossomed out as a dance palais.

Service men and women of World War II flocked to the Stadium on Sunday nights (with one civilian friend apiece) to hear the visiting



CAPACITY HOUSE fills the Stadium to listen to singer Frankie Laine. Women about equal men in the new audiences who have taken over from fight fans and wrestling fans.

THE FAN'S DELIGHT—cry singer Johnnie Ray, each of whose Stadium appearances has set off a near riot. Johnnie's appearances have caused the biggest traffic jams of all.

U.S. Army entertainment staff.

A lecture by the visiting Governor of Malta, Sir William Dobbie, on "God's hand in the defence of Malta," was not a popular success, but Gracie Fields packed the house to its 15,000 capacity.

It was a sad night in 1947 when Vic Patrick, wartime and immediate post-war idol of the boxing public, and now Stadium referee, was K.O'd by Freddy Dawson in the 12th round, and virtually finished his career.

Towards the end of the 'forties the matinee-idol features and Greek-god physique of Australian welterweight champion Tommy Burns were attracting a new generation of women fans.

Jimmy Carruthers, only Australian ever to hold a world title in the Stadium ring, fought his way out of the amateur ranks.

It has resounded to the quick-fire repartee in beekled election speeches of Mr. R. G. Menzies, to the inspired preaching of World Council of Churches leader Pastor Niemoller, and to the forceful exchanges of the Rev. Dr. P. Ryan, Director of Catholic Social Studies, and Edgar Ross, then member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

Despite what disgruntled fight fans might have to say from time to time, the Stadium's never been the place to go for a good quiet rest.



AMERICAN stars like Frankie Laine, pictured here, must be surprised to find their dressing-room on fight nights reverts to its traditional use of ambulance room.



ANY NIGHT when there's a Big Show, fans like these fill the seats usually occupied by diehard fight and wrestling supporters who've never swooned in their lives and don't know Frankie from Johnnie.

Patolaine's

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THE CHANCE TO WIN A NEW CAR

Pick the qualities of an ideal wife and mother

Four beautiful Hillman Minx cars, registered and insured for 12 months and then worth over £1000 each, are the prizes in our big new family contest.

THE contest, which was launched last week, is designed to give everyone the chance to list the qualities they think most essential for an ideal wife and mother.

Assisted by experts in marriage guidance and child welfare, we have drawn up a list of 32 qualities which the experts consider contribute most towards making a woman ideal for marriage and motherhood.

Each consecutive week, up

to and including our issue dated May 4, we will publish four of these qualities in coupon form.

The second four are printed in a coupon on this page.

The first four, which were published last week, are also reprinted here for the benefit of those readers who may have missed their issue last week.

Every week for another six weeks a further coupon will be printed until our issue of May 4, in which the final one will appear.

In that issue we will also print an entry form that must be used for all contest entries.

When you have the complete set of eight coupons, all you have to do is select from

HOW TO ENTER

Cut out each week the coupon showing four of the qualities of an ideal wife and mother. When you have the whole 32 choose the 12 you consider the most essential and list them in order of merit on the entry form which will be printed with the last coupon in our issue dated May 4. A complete set of eight coupons must be attached to each entry form submitted.

the 32 qualities the 12 you consider are most important in a wife and mother. Then list the 12 in your order of preference on the entry form.

Each entry form must be accompanied by a complete set of eight coupons.

Closing date for entries will be June 8, 1955.

This week, and during the next six weeks, cut out and

keep the coupons and think about the qualities you'd most like to see in a wife and mother.

You'll find a good deal of interest (and possibly some differences of opinion) in discussing them with your family and friends.

And you'll be giving yourself the chance to own a beautiful new car.

SAVE THIS COUPON

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6. PATIENCE
7. SEWING SKILL
8. PERSONAL ATTRACTIVENESS

First coupon

1. INTERESTS AND HOBBIES OUTSIDE THE HOME
2. SKILL AT COOKING
3. COMPETENCE IN HOUSEWORK
4. FRANKNESS

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks, starting on March 16, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish a coupon listing four attributes of the ideal wife and mother. There will be 32 qualities in all. Competitors must save these eight coupons and at the end select the 12 qualities they consider are most important. These 12 must be listed in order of preference on an entry form. One entry form will be published in our issue of May 4.
2. The prizes will be four Hillman Minx saloon cars, registered and insured for 12 months, and then valued at more than £1000 each.
3. There is no limit to the number of entries competitors can send in, but only one entry can be made on each official entry form. One set of eight coupons must be attached to each entry form.
4. If there are four competitors, all of whose entries (whether or not of equal merit) are adjudged to be of greater merit than any other entries, then each of these four will receive a Hillman Minx car.

KEEP THIS FOR REFERENCE

5. If there are more than four competitors, all of whose entries are of equal merit and are adjudged the best, then an elimination contest will be devised to find the winners of the four cars.
6. If there are fewer than four competitors whose entries (whether or not of equal merit) are adjudged to be of greater merit than any other entries and if a number of those next in order of merit tie, then an elimination contest will be held for those next in order of merit.
7. No responsibility can be accepted for coupons delayed, lost, or mislaid before or after delivery. Mutilated or altered coupons may be disqualified.
8. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. or its associated companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.
9. Any competitor not observing the rules may be disqualified. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision. The judges' decision as to the order of importance of the qualities shall be final. The decision of The Australian Women's Weekly in all other matters shall be final and legally binding.

JUDGING PANEL

A PANEL of six men will judge this contest. Each man is prominent in his own profession. The panel will include a doctor, a marriage guidance counsellor, and a divorce lawyer.

No women will be included on the judging panel, because obviously a man is the best judge of a wife.

At the end of the contest each judge will list the 32 qualities in what he regards as their order of importance.

All their answers will be computed on the same basis as the preferential voting system.

If any of their suggestions tie after they have been computed, the casting vote will be made by the chairman of the panel of judges.

Thus no one will know what the 12 best qualities are until after the closing date for entries.

1—crush it up



2—let it go



3—no wrinkles

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PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS**

Instantly stops perspiration, keeps arm pits dry.
Acts safely as proved by leading Doctors.

Smoother, creamier Arrid

Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.

Arrid removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.

ARRID

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ARRID — BE SURE!



A2-12

Remember, our Road Safety Contest closes March 23



CHILDREN'S SHOES

are in step
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There's as much fashion styling in LOLA Children's Shoes as in mother's; yet the price is oh, so low. In colours, harlequin gay they'll highlight every occasion in a young Miss' life (styles the boys will like, too!). Sturdily made to wear for ages... and LOLA Shoes are repairable!



- 1 510 Cherry or tan with lambswool. 3-11
- 2 527 Black or cherry red. Sizes 3-11
- 3 532 Patent and crocodile. Sizes 3-11
- 4 528 Brown and fawn. Sizes 3-10 1/2
- 5 338 Green/corn. red/tawn. Sizes 3-10 1/2
- 6 531 Tan or cherry red. Sizes 3-11

LOLA Fashion Shoes for Children

ASK FOR "LOLA" FASHION SHOES FOR CHILDREN AT MOST SHOE STORES

35/142.1

Bedtime for Joanna

● While her famous parents, Australian actor John McCallum and British actress Googie Withers, are entertaining the public at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, four-and-a-half-year-old Joanna enjoys bedtime stories read by her devoted grandfather, John McCallum, senior. He is on a visit from his home in Brisbane while his son and daughter-in-law are acting in Melbourne.



"GOODNIGHT, DARLING." Famous parents Googie Withers and John McCallum bid goodnight to their daughter Joanna before going to the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, where they are starring in a season of plays.



COMMAND PERFORMANCE for grandfather John McCallum and grandmother Mrs. Lizette Withers ends the day's play for little Joanna. She shows great promise as a dancer and in London has dancing lessons.

BEDTIME STORY read to Joanna by her grandfather is a reward for her dance recital. Grandfather remembers reading nursery tales to Joanna's father when he was a little boy living in Queensland.



NANNY, who is Irish nurse Helen Gilligan, takes off Joanna's slippers (left), while grandfather waits to put on her dressing-gown. There is time to finish the story before "lights out."

"**THAT WAS LOVELY.**" says Joanna (above) when the story is ended and grandfather bends down to kiss her goodnight. Pictures were taken by staff photographer Ernest Mann.

PLAYING POSSUM

with Jo-Jo



JOSEPHINE, or Jo-Jo as she is called, is the pet of Penny Hoskins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hoskins, of Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.



JO-JO and Penny play the wheelbarrow game. Cover and pictures on this page by Boris Cook.



LUNCHEON is served for Jo-Jo and she hops on to the kitchen window-sill.



BROOM CUPBOARD is commandeered by Jo-Jo as her cosy little bedroom.



"YES, I'd be free for a date, too," says Jo-Jo, who can't resist listening-in while Penny makes a call.



ABOVE: Jo-Jo helps herself to a glass of water. Left: Washing-day and Jo-Jo hangs on the line, too.

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A light non-drying liquid cream—to give the skin a radiant underglow and a lasting matt finish. 9/6



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Blended to cling lastingly, flatter sweetly. Choose your colour from nine lovely tones. 8/6



Yardley Lipstick

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You use
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Brasso keeps all brass
and copper shining
like the sun.

SIR ROGUE

By Leslie Turner White

The author of best seller LORD JOHNNIE has written another fast-moving, sparkling historical novel, set in Tudor times. The hero is the dashing Sir Guy Spangler: the characters a colourful crowd of sailors, dwarfs, Cosacks, Princes, and the charming con-
fession: Chastity and Ellen: the plot—a stunning scheme to despoil the Russians.

Price 15/6, from all Booksellers

WHO IS TOWNSEND?

Exclusive group near Throne won't discuss man of moment

Who is Peter Townsend? Today, perhaps, he is the most discussed man in the world in every circle except one—the tight little group that serves the Royal Family.

MENTION of Townsend's name produces a polite, blank stare from members of that exclusive group.

During Princess Margaret's tour of the West Indies and the Caribbean there was an example of this refusal to discuss Townsend.

At a Press conference in Nassau with the Earl of Ranfurly, Governor of the Bahamas, one reporter jokingly asked, "Is Peter Townsend coming?" The Governor turned with a perfectly straight face and asked, "Who is Peter Townsend?"

This was not an isolated instance of official refusal to admit Townsend's existence.

In spite of the enormous amount of speculation, gossip, and rumor about a romance between Margaret and Townsend, it is difficult to give a clear portrait of the man.

Conventional

THIS is partly because he follows so much the conventional pattern of the Englishman of his class—born in India, Public School, R.A.F., and so on.

It is also because he is a man with few close friends and because his diffidence and modesty continually underwrite his achievements.

Peter Woolridge Townsend was born on November 22, 1914, at Rangoon.

His father was Lieut.-Col. E. C. Townsend.

His mother is Mrs. Gladys Townsend, of Stogumber West, Somerset.

Almost nothing is known of his three brothers and three sisters.

One brother, Phillip, was a Lieut.-Colonel in the 6th Gurkha Rifles and was awarded the D.S.O. in Malaya.

His sister Stephanie married Arthur Gaitskill, brother of Hugh Gaitskill, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Attlee Labor Government.

Townsend was educated at Haileybury and the Imperial Service College in Hertfordshire, not far from where in later years he married.

Throughout his schooldays Townsend's mind was set on a career in the Air Force. After Haileybury he was a cadet at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell.

He was commissioned in 1933 and posted to Singapore for a year.

He was in the R.A.F. only two years when he was chosen to instruct a distinguished pupil—then the Duke of York, later George VI.

No one was more pleased than the late King when Townsend came to the Palace in 1944 as equerry. Townsend was appointed because of his wartime record and other qualifications.

Somewhere, sometime in those days, the 13-year-old

Princess Margaret, just beginning to emerge from nursery life, must have seen the handsome new equerry and, girl-like, admired him as a war hero.

Townsend would still have been wearing his Royal Air Force uniform with his row of "gongs," including the D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar.

In June, 1940, when the Luftwaffe attack eased, Townsend left the famous 85th Squadron and, apart from occasional operations, his days of air fighting were over.

laide Cottage," in the shadow of Windsor Castle. It was a grace - and - favor residence which had been used by one of the head-grooms.

The King had electric light and a bathroom installed in the 200-year-old cottage.

George VI always loved to have young people around him and in difficult days he leaned more and more on Townsend, who could work hard but could laugh hard as well.

Peter and Rosemary had two sons—Giles, now 12, and George Hugo Peter, now nine.



IN SOUTH AFRICA during the Royal tour of 1947, Princess Margaret, accompanied by Group-Captain Townsend, returns from an early morning canter on horseback.

In the village of Widford, Hertfordshire, he had met blue-eyed, dark-haired Cecile Rosemary Pawle, younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Hanbury Pawle, a girl with a background similar to his own.

They were married on July 17, 1941, in Hertfordshire.

It was a "white" wedding, with train-bearers, and the bride's sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Britton, as matron of honor.

Like most Air Force men in those days, Townsend could not establish a permanent home. At first he lived with his wife's family, and for the next three years in married quarters on R.A.F. stations.

The young Townsends' first home came when he was appointed equerry.

The King gave him "Ade-

The King was godfather to George Hugo Peter, who was christened at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on November 5, 1945.

Peter Townsend appeared to have an ideally happy marriage. However, the familiar pattern of the dissatisfaction of a young, pretty wife whose husband is continually away from home began to show itself.

It was little consolation to Rosemary Townsend that her husband was attending the Sovereign when she was left alone for months on end. In 1947 he accompanied the King and Queen to South Africa. He was with the Royal Family at Sandringham and Balmoral, and the King sent him with Princess Margaret to the

From our
London office

Netherlands for the installation of Queen Juliana.

In those days it caused no comment when Princess Margaret was reported riding with Townsend in Windsor Great Park, dancing in the West End, or picknicking at Balmoral with him.

It came as a shock to the public but not to their close personal friends when Townsend sued his wife for divorce in November, 1952. This was only five months after the Queen, in the first year of her accession, had attended an Ascot Week cocktail-party at the Townsends' home.

Townsend was granted a divorce on the grounds of his wife's adultery with John Adolphus de Laszlo, an export merchant, and son of the late Phillip de Laszlo, the society portrait-painter.

The divorce was undefended and costs were awarded against de Laszlo. The custody of the two children was awarded to Townsend.

In February, 1953, de Laszlo married Rosemary Townsend. For the time being, the children are living with their mother by mutual agreement.

The de Laszlos have made their home at "Cob Orchard," Plaxtol, near Tunbridge Wells in Kent. On May 3, 1954, Hugo Townsend, the late King's godchild, was himself godfather—to his baby half-sister, Charlotte Rosemary de Laszlo.

Giles is away at prep. school, while Hugo lives at home with his mother and goes to a village school.

Since Townsend was posted to Brussels as Air Attache, his children have paid one visit to him there. In October, 1954, a friend of the family took his children to Brussels to stay with their father. He has also seen them on his infrequent visits to England.

One of the sadnesses of Townsend's life in Brussels is his separation from his children.

After the King's death, Townsend drew consolation in serving and comforting the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

Sympathy

THEN, for the first time in her life, perhaps, Princess Margaret chose a confidante who was someone outside her small family circle.

Townsend is deeply religious, and during this period Margaret's interest in religion quickened. The following year she cut down her social round to attend a series of Lenten lectures at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, an Anglican church close to Buckingham Palace.

Townsend was frequently a member of the congregation. It has been rumored that he is a Catholic, but there is not a shred of evidence to support this.

When the question of his possible marriage with Princess Margaret is being discussed throughout the world it is often overlooked that here is a man who must come to terms with his own religious attitude first.

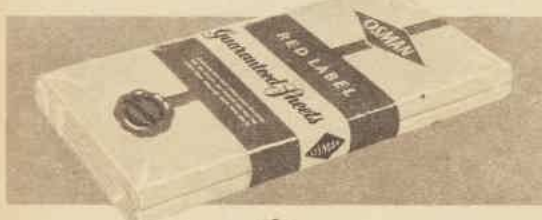


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MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing — nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.



MUM keeps you nice to be near
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NIGHT at the opera "Madame Butterfly" ended in a visit backstage where two of the principals, Robert O'Donnell and Betty Benfield, met, from left, Jennifer Clay, Jocelyn Dawson, Kaye Cruikshank, and Caroline Young.



A STROLL round the Sydney University grounds made Nola Franks (left) and Roslyn Mayne (right) feel at home. Wendy Roach (centre) acted as their hostess.



CUP OF TEA made a pleasant break between interviews with the four judges at Sydney University for (from left) Thelma Allchin, Diana Hubbe, and Elwyn Davis.



MEETING THE STARS of "Madame Butterfly" backstage after the show (from left), Linley Barnett, Elizabeth Stewart, and Corinne Adams, who is a teacher of dramatic art and says she has been stage struck all her life. Ronald Dosed and Gladys Mawson, the stars of the show, were still in costume but stayed back to discuss the opera with them.

Finalists in Sydney

Everything from a night at the opera to double-decker bus rides round the beaches was a big thrill for the country and interstate finalists who came to Sydney for the final judging in the Peter Mitchell Will Quest last week. A total of 23 candidates qualified as finalists in the quest to find 15 young Australian women who will benefit from the will. The names of the 15 beneficiaries will be announced next week.



FRESHENING UP their frocks after unpacking, Brisbane girls Barbara Bennett (left) and Jill Farrar in the room they shared at a city hotel.

ABOVE: In the quadrangle at the University, Josephine Glen-Doepel (right), of Sydney, hostesses Felicity Hamilton, Millicent Hassell, Margaret Fisher.



JOHNNIE RAY signs programmes for (from left) Felicity Hamilton, Millicent Hassell, Roslyn Mayne, Catherine Riggall, Doris Hill, Linley Barnett, and Judith James.



DURING interval at the opera, interstate finalists (from left) Jill Farrar, Nancy Crispin-Smith, and Doris Hill gather in the foyer to discuss their favorite singers.



Yes, she is a lovely girl—and some day she will be the loveliest star of all . . . (thanks to that good start with both Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen. To-day these two famous baby foods are recognised everywhere as the safe, certain foods for baby when breast milk is in any way inadequate. Correctly, scientifically balanced, they contain not only added Vitamins A and D but also organic iron. For sound, healthy growth of your child, doctors and nurses will specify either Vi-Lactogen or Lactogen.

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LAI 476

FASHION DESIGNERS' PARTY



NORMAN HARTNELL, THE QUEEN'S DRESSMAKER, with actress **Constance Carpenter** at the reception given at the Mansion House, London, by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. Constance Carpenter wears a duck-egg blue faille coat and a slim-fitting black dress with a beaded torso. Both are by Hartnell.



ONE of the biggest events of the spring season in London was the reception given by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers during the showings of the new dress collections. It was held at the Mansion House, the official residence of London's Lord Mayors.

Guest of honor was the Duchess of Gloucester, who wore a cocktail gown of cocoa-brown faille designed for her by Victor Stiebel. With Lady Pamela Berry, the president of the society, the Duchess walked through the spacious reception rooms, where the City of London's famous gold plate, insured for £250,000 was displayed.

London's "Top Twelve" fashion

designers, all members of the society, were presented to the Duchess. Overseas visitors were also presented.

After the reception two designers, Joe Mattli and Charles Creed, entertained at a dinner party at the now fashionable East End hotel, Prospect of Whitby, which is a well-known tourist attraction visited by many Australians.

A highlight of the evening occurred when Charles Creed brought to the dinner party the parrot which was presented to the hotel by the film star Robert Newton.

The parrot pecked Joe Mattli, scratched Charles Creed, and ate a whole dish of butter.



MICHAEL (right), another of the Top Twelve fashion designers, tells an amusing story to his chief venduse, **Miss Dunlop** (left), **Lady Mountain**, and **Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Holland**. Australian-born Mrs. Holland is wearing a hat of real white lilac, made by florist **Constance Spry**, with her green satin cocktail suit designed by Michael.



JOHN CAVANAGH (left), whose tie is in "happy yellow," the theme color of his new dress collection, discusses fashion with **Mrs. Campbell Mock**, a buyer.

RONALD PATERSON (above) designed the cocktail gown of rose-red paper taffeta worn by **Mrs. Peter Hope Lamley**, with whom he is seen at the reception.



CHARLES CREED (above right) congratulates **Miss Bronwen Fagh**, the B.B.C.'s new TV announcer, who is wearing his sheath gown of lace, a **Simone Mirman** hat.



FILM STAR Douglas Fairbanks (above) and his wife attended the reception. Mrs. Fairbanks' luxurious broad-tail coat, tied at the throat, and her tiny rosebud hat both came from America.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (right) talks with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Marcus, of Texas, at the reception given by the Incorporated Society of Fashion Designers at Mansion House.



LONDON SOCIETY BEAUTY Mrs. Gerald Legge talks with Owen Hyde Clark, Worth's new designer, who created the cocktail gown of tangerine wild silk she is wearing. Mrs. Legge is a friend of Princess Margaret.



GOLD SWORD presented to the City of London by Queen Elizabeth I is admired by (from left) John Cavanagh, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Lady Pamela Berry, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, and the Mansion House toastmaster, who has been in the service of the Lord Mayors of London for the past 49 years.

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Checkmates, 15 denier sheer mesh nylons, 17/11 Authentic, 45 denier service sheer nylons, 12/11

*Foot Comfort Nylons with the NYLAS comfy sole.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Oh, I couldn't eat another bite. I'll just take a teeny-weeny snitch of your cake."

MOTHER



"Sure we've got everything? Food, matches, spare clothes, first aid kit, doctor's and ambulance telephone numbers?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

THE dilemma of Princess Margaret has become nearly as general a topic of conversation as was that of her uncle 19 years ago.

The degree of heat engendered in argument isn't quite as high, because Edward was King, and Princess Margaret is fairly safely removed from likelihood of succession.

Nevertheless, the matter has only to be raised, and in a few moments voices are raised, too.

There is one very important difference in the two situations. Edward gave up the only job he knew when he abdicated and went into exile. Except for brief periods he has never since been occupied in what seems a useful or satisfactory way.

However, a woman, when she marries, automatically has a job. To be a wife and mother is still regarded as her best career.

That fact, leaving aside the other issues involved, would give the Princess a much greater chance of personal happiness.

IM surprised that the British Home Secretary, Mr. Gwilym Lloyd-George, should come out with that chestnut about the virtue of cricket in international relations.

Mr. Lloyd-George said that he often wished Russia and China played cricket, and that it was Britain's interest in sport which kept her people balanced.

Possibly the differences in temperament which cause nations to like different sports are those which make it difficult for them to get along in other ways, but that's as far as it is reasonable to go.

The hobbies of people are not necessarily a clue to their mass behaviour.

The Japanese provide an instance. As a people they are given to gentle and artistic pursuits. Indeed, most Occupation troops in the country found it hard to reconcile this love of beauty, common to humble citizens, with wartime atrocities.

Of course, someone might say at this point that cricket brought out the best in people, and art the worst—to which one would be entitled to reply, "Bosh."

It's dangerous to generalise too much about national characteristics, anyhow. Nations are made up of people with all sorts of tastes.

Which reminds me, you should have heard the arguments raging in this office about the merits of Johnnie Ray as an entertainer! The place was divided into two camps, so anti and so pro that the atmosphere became positively electric.

IN Paris, lately, organisers of an exhibition conducted a competition for an ideal saucepan.

No prize was awarded because none of the designs was considered perfect.

I'm not at all sure what the judges' notions were, but the thing I'd like to see in a saucepan is quite simple—just a whistle, which gives an anguished shriek the moment anything begins to burn.

BITAIN'S Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, made a notable decision not long ago. He ruled that a sandwich can be a meal.

The case concerned a restaurant liquor licence, but it wasn't the actual issue that interested me.

What I liked was the Lord Chief Justice's solemn pronouncement. He said:

"A sandwich can be a meal. When I was on circuit I used sometimes to have sandwiches in a train. They were very tasty."

There's a wistful touch in that judicial statement that appeals to me. You can just see the kind of dietary life Lord Goddard has led.

First his mother, then his wife, have brought him up to eat proper meals, cuts off the joint, green vegetables, the lot. I don't suppose the poor man ever had a hot pie in his life.

And sometimes, feeling like a malefactor himself, he'd indulge secretly in railway sandwiches.

Epicures don't speak highly of railway sandwiches, but for me they are associated with holidays. Odd that dry corned beef could have a sentimental appeal, but true.

TALKING of food, a store in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., offers fried grasshoppers for sale, and is trying to import chocolate covered ants, said to be a South American delicacy.

Looking over the foreign delicacies here, I can't find anything to compete, but was mildly surprised the other day to note the label on a tin from Denmark—"Smoked Eel Fillets and Scrambled Eggs."

THE Chamberlain of Coventry, Mr. John Shelton, announces after 40 years' research that Lady Godiva must have been at least 60 when she rode through Coventry on a white horse, and that she didn't do it to save the people from the harsh taxes of her husband, Leofric. Leofric, says Mr. Shelton, was a good man who would never have asked such a thing.

Poor Leofric! Oh, most maligned of men, Were you in youth bewitched by golden hair? And did she grow more kittenish, and then, As looks were fading, drive you to despair?

Wanting to ride white horses, nude, forsooth! (Embarrassing, and awkward to explain, Especially in a lady past her youth), And did you remonstrate, and all in vain?

Did SHE invent that libel re the tax? Or did you choose, belonging to a school Which deems it better to ignore the facts, To seem a tyrant rather than a fool?

Poor Leofric, denial comes too late. You kept your dignity and lost your name. But rest in peace. You added, such is fate, A piquant lustre to your city's fame.

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and be in harmony with every Winter occasion . . .

You'll be thrilled by the wonderful choice of pure wool and wool blended exclusive loomknit fabrics — featured in the new Lucas Spectator Sportswear Range for Winter, 1955 . . .

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positive control girdles
for Autumn

New Wrap-ons that will take
pounds off your figure
—years from your age

Wear one for the well-dressed look this season

Just because you're not a mere slip of a girl, it doesn't mean you can't look lovely. Not when Berlei makes you foundation garments in thirteen fractional fittings. Whether you're a 24" waist or a 40" waist, you'll look better dressed in a Berlei.

The girdle we've shown is fine cotton batiste with side panels of woven elastic net that smooth your hips. Notice the two wide bands of elastic at the waist? See how they define the waistline you thought you'd lost? There's added luxury in the clever plush-cushioned boning and hook and eye fastening—in the smooth satin lining for extra strength—in the V-shaped gusset at the back for extra comfort. Six suspenders will keep your stockings straight. Eleven fittings (some with inner belt). 24"-34", from 79/- to 85/-.

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These are priced from 102/- to 115/-.

BUY A *Berlei* POSITIVE CONTROL GIRDLE
look lovelier as from today!



Only Berlei gives you girdles that fit your shape as well as your size in the exact degree of control your figure needs.
Flexible, semi-flexible or positive, wear the one that's right for you. Choose it at your favourite store to-day.

FREE ANOTHER FIGURE HELP

The Berlei "Curves and Calories" booklet tells you all you want to know about a properly balanced diet. Overweight or underweight? Then follow the advice in this handy booklet and you'll keep in good shape—you'll feel better, work better and look lovelier. The Calorie Chart will help you keep track of your diet—just check the calorie count—and you'll know the score for every meal. Complete the coupon at the base of this advertisement and mail to "Calorie Adviser," Berlei Limited, Box 3891, G.P.O., Sydney, for your booklet, or order from your nearest Berlei stockist

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COCKTAIL PARTY. Mrs. Norman Hill (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Viney, of "Duffas Park," Glenorie, at the party given by the Consul-General for France, M. Jean de Montousse, and Madame de Montousse at their home in Point Piper. Mrs. Hill wore an H-line dress of black silk.



"THISTLE-DO" BARBECUE. Ted Dawson (left), Elizabeth Marks, Lesley Jones, and Peter Weynton at the barbecue held at Vaucluse by the Scots College Younger Set to aid the College War Memorial Fund.



TO MARRY IN APRIL. Alison Cunningham, daughter of Mrs. J. A. Cunningham, of Double Bay, and the late Lieut.-Colonel Archie Cunningham, A.A.M.C., with her fiancé, John Blake, of Wagga. They are planning to be married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on Saturday, April 16.



WATCHING THE RACES at the Yass Picnic Race Meeting are Sydney visitors Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Rowe, of Pymble. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Shannon, of "Bogolaro," Yass, for the two-day meeting.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE Royal Military College, Duntroon, will be the destination of many of the younger set this Saturday, March 19, when the Duntroon cadets are holding their Autumn Ball.

Huge piles of autumn leaves are included in the decor of the ballroom . . . which is the cadets' mess, newly enlarged and renovated.

Jan Charlesworth and Deirdre Knowles, two Canberra lasses who are training as nurses in Sydney, will be among the ball guests, and others are Noeline Morr, of Double Bay, Pat Crane, of Pymble, and Robyn Tusk, of Adaminaby.

AT present on the high seas in the Strathaird, Margaret Hughes, of Manly, and Brisbane lass Robin Sandaver are on their way to England to spend about 18 months abroad. "It's a working holiday for the girls," says Margaret's mother, "and they've made no definite plans yet." Margaret and Robin will probably take jobs in London, and will later travel in Europe.

PROUD parents Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Prell, of Crookwell, have decided to call their new daughter Sandra. Mrs. Prell was formerly Jess Marshall, of Lindfield. Mr. and Mrs. Rodney McMillan, of Holbrook, are others being congratulated on the birth of their first child (a daughter). Mrs. McMillan — the former Shirley Pye, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Pye, of Darling Point — tells me that they haven't yet chosen a name for the baby.

A FLAT at Roseville will be a temporary home for newlyweds Bruce and Barbara Blackwell now they've returned from their honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise. Bruce and Barbara have a block of land at Killara, and building will begin when they've decided on the plans for their house.



RADIANT BRIDE Mrs. Murray Macgowan waves to friends as she and Mr. Macgowan leave Christ Church, Berwick, Victoria. Bride was Jane Casey, daughter of Minister for External Affairs, Mr. R. G. Casey, and Mrs. Casey.

FROM England comes the news that, a few months after their wedding, which took place in London recently, Robin and Neville Lindfield-Seager will come to Australia and will make their home here. Robin, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Jeffrey, of Gulgong, has been overseas for nearly two years, so her parents are eagerly awaiting the family reunion.

WHEN she leaves the Children's Hospital, Camperdown, on March 31, there will be a very busy few days for Judythe Este, of Rose Bay, who will sail for England in the Orontes on April 7. Judythe will marry Dr. Alan Bull, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bull, of Avalon, in London on June 18, and until the wedding she will stay with her sister Clair (Mrs. Eric Este), who lives at Highgate. Judythe and Clair are the daughters of Mrs. Este and the late Mr. W. E. Este.

AFTER staying with Mr. and Mrs. Di Ankersmit at Deventer, near Arnhem, in Holland, Anne Wood, of Wahroonga, is spending a few days in Paris before returning to London early next week. Travel is playing a big part in Anne's life just now. She expects to leave for a holiday in Scotland soon with another Sydney lass, Audrey Wilkins, of Rose Bay, and they'll travel there for two or three weeks. Then it's off to Devon and Cornwall for Anne, while Audrey goes back to London. The girls both left Sydney in the Arcadia last December, and will return here early next year.



HAPPY COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hornbrook in the vestry of St. John's, Gordon, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Meg Lamble, of Gordon.



WED IN LONDON. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Clamp leave Queen's Chapel of Savoy. The bride was Barbara Worledge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Q. Worledge, of Vaucluse.

Anne



It's here

For the first time in Australia, Cutex indelible type Lipstick — America's creamiest longest-lasting lipstick — is now sensationally, temptingly yours at last. Eating, smoking, even kissing, Cutex *Stay Fast* stays on hours longer. And thanks to creamy "Moisturizing Action", Cutex *Stay Fast* keeps lovely lips smoother, softer. Take your pick from the prettiest, most kissable colours ever created. For matching fingertips, use longer-wearing Cutex Nail Polish.



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CUTEX *Stay Fast* **LIPSTICK**
NEVER LEAVES A KISSPRINT

Famous negro singer is . . .

'Geekie' for short

By ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York staff

● Mattiwillda Dobbs, brilliant coloratura who will tour Australia for the A.B.C. this winter, seems to have been chosen by fate to fill the shoes of the beloved but ageing negro contralto Marian Anderson.

THE two singers are of different eras—18 years apart in age, with Miss Anderson's glories mostly past and Miss Dobbs at the threshold of her career—but the 29-year-old soprano is leaving footprints in the musical world which closely follow those of the great negro contralto.

Here are some random parallels between the two:

● Both singers sprang from non-musical backgrounds in the deep American South, migrated to New York for their early training, then built up reputations in Europe before being recognised in their own country.

● The same managers, European and American, serve them both.

● Fate even tricked them in the same droll way on the eve of their respective debuts (in the same hall in Paris)—they both accidentally broke their ankles and had to hobble on to the stage of crutches.

Yet, despite the uncanny closeness of their careers—Miss Dobbs even won a Marian Anderson scholarship to study in Paris—the two have never met.

Miss Anderson has never sung in Australia, but Australians will hear plenty of the new voice that a music critic described as "a pure gift from heaven."

Mattiwillda Dobbs will spend three months—July, August, and September—singing in concert halls from Perth to Hobart.

Mattiwillda, 29, is one of six daughters born to Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Dobbs in the "backblocks" of Atlanta, Georgia. She got her unusual Christian name from a grandmother, whose name was plain Mattie Wilda. Her parents made the elision to lend an exotic flavor to the name.

But her family and friends ended by calling her "Geekie" for short.

"Geekie" studied in New York with Lotte Leonard, well-known Continental singer, under a musical scholarship. In 1949 she won a fellowship donated by Marian Anderson and studied in Paris with Pierre Bernac. She entered the Geneva International Competition for musical performers and waltzed away with first prize in voice.

From there it was a strenuous life. She performed at the Holland Festival, became the first negro to sing at La Scala Opera House, Milan. Then followed recitals in Scandinavia, Switzerland, Vienna, Spain, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg, and France.



MATTIWILDA DOBBS, 29-year-old negro soprano, who is touring Australia this year for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

In Paris, Mattiwillda met a handsome young student from Spain—Luis Rodriguez—who wrote radio scripts. He took her out to movies near their Left Bank rooming-houses.

Afterwards, over a pernod in the local bistro, he (and others) would sit entranced, listening to her magic voice. Two years after they met, in 1953, they were married at Genoa, where she was then singing.

Mattiwillda flew briefly back to America for seven concerts early last year. Then she returned to Europe to sing in the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, Glyndebourne Music Festival, Edinburgh, Paris, Vienna, and Scandinavia.

The critics called her a "singer with a velvet voice,"

To tour Australia

"a gifted actress and singer, who could command any stage."

One night in Glyndebourne came a telephone call from Buckingham Palace. Would she sing a Command Performance of "Coq d'Or" at Covent Garden? Her voice trembled as she said she would.

Mattiwillda left Glyndebourne for London. "Coq d'Or" went into rehearsal, with Australian Robert Helpmann as producer. Three days before the gala performance she received an emergency call to rush to her husband, who had been taken suddenly ill with a mysterious disease.

"I arrived in time for him to die in my arms," she said.

But the daughter of a humble negro from Georgia returned to London and sang brilliantly in the Rimsky-Korsakov work. Watching from the Royal Box were Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Mar-

garet, and the King and Queen of Sweden.

After the performance, the King of Sweden decorated Mattiwillda with the Order of the North Star. And Queen Elizabeth chatted with her.

But the glittering moment was lost in a world of woe. The funeral took place the next morning.

Mattiwillda's current American tour began on January 23 with what promoters thought would be a sparsely attended recital at New York's posh Town Hall for prestige only.

Every seat was occupied and an overflow audience stood at the back. Miss Dobbs, in a red satin strapless gown, was as poised as a mannequin at Dior's. It was a long, taxing programme, but she carried through faultlessly to the end.

Miss Dobbs' acrobatic highlight came with a set of variations by Werner Egk. After she had worked dizzily up to high F, she was as calm and smiling as if she had just sung a few simple scales.

The next morning I dropped in to see Mattiwillda as she read her enthusiastic notices. Buttonholing her manager, I reminded him that Marian Anderson had become the first negro to sing at New York's Metropolitan Opera House just a fortnight earlier, and asked if Mattiwillda had yet received a bid from "The Met."

"That wouldn't be quite true," he replied, enigmatically.

Miss Dobbs interjected:

"I'm not in a hurry. I've already sung at La Scala. If 'The Met' wants me, I'd love to go. If they ask me, I'll know I've made the grade on my merits. Color doesn't count any more. Miss Anderson took care of that."

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If your hair is inclined to rebel against a perm, you'll find Toni Super has been made specially to give you perfect results.



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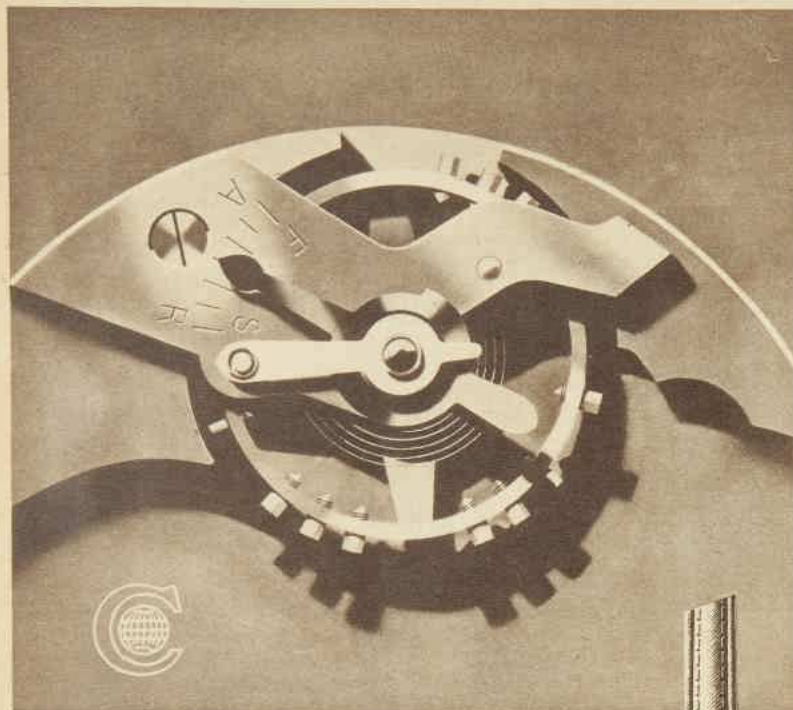


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One's a NATURAL for you!

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The greatest enemy of
your watch baffled!



SHOCKS are the greatest enemies of a watch. Your watch is always in danger: even if you are careful, you may hit your arm against something, or your watch may slip when you are putting it on. If you visualise the minute size of the pivot of the balance-staff - this most essential and most fragile part of a watch - you will realise that but one shock is sufficient to break or twist the pivot, causing the watch to stop. Small wonder that replacing damaged balance-staffs used to be one of the watchmakers' most frequent jobs.

In the Cyma Research Department, however, an Anti-Shock Device was created which solved the problem once and for all. The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device is a triumph of inventive genius, and its practical efficiency has proved quite extraordinary. There is no doubt that this is one of the most important and valuable inventions in the history of watchmaking. In recent years, millions of Cyma watches have been fitted with the Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device, and now a damaged Cyma balance-staff has become extremely rare. The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device - protected by exclusive Cyma patents all over the world - is now fitted to all Cyma models. This is one of the reasons for the astonishing reliability of Cyma watches.

Your next watch must be a Cyma too!



The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device is protected by the following patents:

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198769	2294023
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688798	2184580
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ONLY Cyma watches

have the Cymaflex Anti-shock device

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The Cyma Watch Co. SA at La Chaux-de-Fonds, with its works in Tavannes and Le Locle, with thousands of employees, and a world-wide Sales and Service Organization is one of the most important watch manufacturers in the world.

Worth Reporting

AFTER a season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, Australian actor Frank Waters appeared in a film in which he was a piper a-piping, a lord a-leaping, and a carol singer a-carolling... on a set a-made by Ronald Searle, the creator of St. Trinian's.

Frank, who recently returned to Australia, said the film was called "The Twelve Days of Christmas," and was based on the traditional song which has become one of the hit tunes of the 1950s.

"The set was a delightful bit of fantasy," said Frank. "It was a kind of Georgian London square, but the mood was early Victorian."

"The film runs only about 20 minutes, but I put in about four weeks' work on it."

"The story of it roughly follows the narrative of the song, with Truelove bringing his lady that remarkable series of Christmas gifts, such as a partridge in a pear tree, French hens, turtledoves, maids a-milking, and so on."

"Eventually he crams the house with so many things and people that the roof threatens to come off, and the lady has to escape in a balloon."

"We did it as a kind of ballet with mime, to the tune of a piano hammering out the music."

"The orchestration hadn't been completed, and it was to have been dubbed in after the film had been edited."

"Ronnie Searle was at the studios every day," added Frank, "and he is one of the nicest possible blokes to work with."

"We had a lot of fun watching him dye the turtledoves pink and painting the cows which accompanied the maids a-milking lime-green, red, yellow, and so on—with silver stars and golden horns."

"He even dressed one of the cows in a football guernsey."

"A girl called Wendy Toy, who got the bright idea for making the film, also directed it and played the central role of the lady who is inundated with all the gifts."

DOWN from the country, a 35-year-old bushman wearing a broad-brimmed hat was having a wonderful time in a big Sydney store.

He spent hours riding up and down on the escalator, informing us with the delighted grin of a small boy, "Gee, this is bonzer, I'm going down again for another go."



"Just a decoy. The best stuff is in the jar on the top shelf."

WALKING through a city street the other day, a colleague noticed that the woman in front of her was showing a generous expanse of pale blue nylon briefs and pale pink skin through an open zipper in the back of her dress.

She tapped the woman on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, but the zipper on your dress is undone."

"I know, dear," said the woman beaming, "but it's so HOT, isn't it?"

Book News

"MAN MISSING."

Thriller specialist Mignon Eberhart is at it again, this time tantalising us with the problem "Who knifed the hospital patient?" Nurse Sara Keate, who has featured in previous Eberhart offerings, finds herself deeply involved in these alarms and excursions, centred on a naval hospital.

Published for The Crime Club by Collins.

"MY BROTHER'S KEEPER."

On the factual story of the two old men in New York who were discovered dead in a house choked with rubbish, papers, and broken furniture, Marcia Daventport bases her latest novel. She goes backwards in time to give the explanation of how this happened to her characters, Seymour and Randal Holt, and the reason why they shut themselves in squalor away from the world. Not recommended reading for the squeamish.

Published by Collins (Grahame Book Company).

Prisoners read his thrillers

WHO was the slender, grey-haired Englishwoman sitting smoking in a Sydney hotel? And what connection had she with Scotland Yard, and with the man who wrote "The Ringer," "The Fellowship of the Frog," told of the "Blue Hand," "The Secret House," and "The Clue of the Twisted Candle"?

Why was she in Australia? Was there a mystery about her? And, if so, could she reveal it?

Leaving the amateur detectives to worry over these clues, it may now be revealed that the Englishwoman, Mrs. A. S. Frere, is in Australia with her husband, the chairman of directors of William Heinemann, Ltd., that her maiden name was Wallace, and that she is the daughter of the late Edgar Wallace, world-famed mystery writer.

The most mysterious thing about Edgar Wallace was his speed in writing books and plays. He wrote more than 150 novels, could turn out a three-act play in a week-end, and a book in three or four days.

"People were always asking him: 'How do you do it?' — a question which was a great conversation stopper," said Mrs. Frere. "In the end, in self defence, he found the right answer — 'I've got nothing else to do' — itself a conversation stopper."

The author's admirers came from the general reading public, from the Police Force, and, according to Mrs. Frere, even from gaols.

"I'm sure our walls and ceilings were the cleanest in London," laughed Mrs. Frere. "They were whitewashed by a man who visited our home every time he was let out of gaol. Father was known to criminals as a 'good touch.' He was always generous."

But the time when the author's generous nature was most tested occurred when a petty thief stood up in court and declaimed, "Edgar Wallace brought me to this!"

A petty thief, he served his sentence of three months, then called to see Mr. Wallace.

"You've got a nerve," Edgar Wallace said tersely.

"Well, Gov," replied the thief. "You understand. We both go in for the drama a bit."

WE have thought of many things to do with our income tax return form, but never of using it the way a fellow tram passenger did the other day.

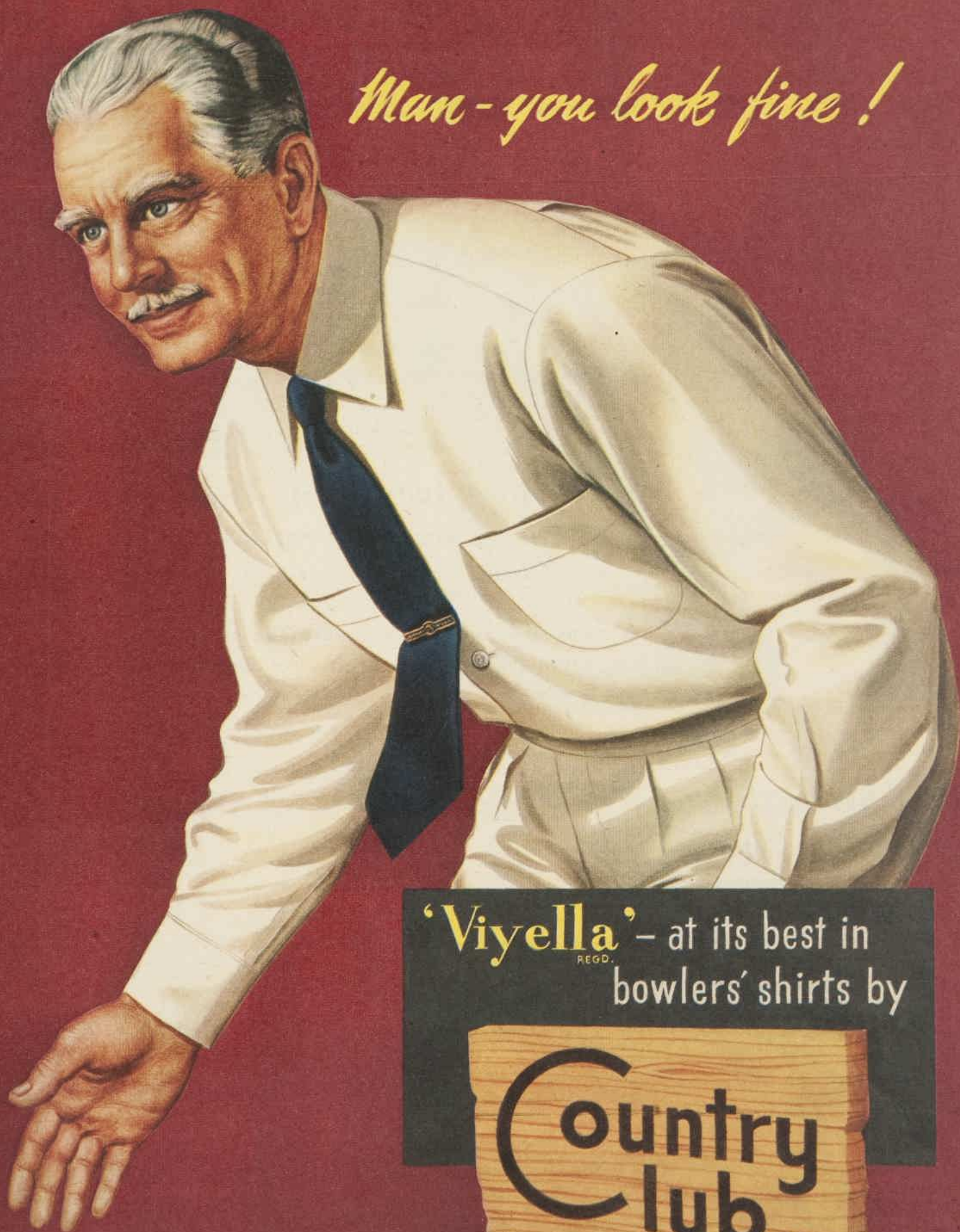
He used one of the forms as a dust jacket for the book he was reading.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD

Man - you look fine !



'Viyella' REGD. - at its best in
bowlers' shirts by



WE REPLACE IF DISSATISFIED

For a really wonderful selection of new-season knitting patterns, see the new VILLAWOOL KNITTING BOOKS, now on display at all good stores. And while you're about it, just feel the extra quality of these Villawool four-star knitting wools, see the delightful new Villawool colours for '55. Then work out how much Villawool will save you on every garment you knit this year. And remember, Villawool washes perfectly - over and over again.

News for Knitters!...
Star Patterns for '55!...



- ★ HORIZON CROCHET
- ★ STARLITE CREPE
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- ★ FAERIE BABY WOOL

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Your hands need the rich, protective oils that neutralize the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and the chapping caused by wind and weather. Use fragrant creamy Softasilk after every household task and see how your hands stay soft as silk!



Keep your hands romantically lovely

HAND BEAUTY CREAM

It's handier in a tube... Small, Large, Economy Sizes.

Marlon Brando...



HOLLYWOOD STAR Marlon Brando smiles and waves to the crowd when he leaves Paris for America to rejoin Josiane Berenger, the French girl to whom he has announced his engagement.

His close friends in Hollywood claim he is misunderstood

For a young man who breaks all the rules and who takes an unholy delight in kicking convention squarely in its pants, Marlon Brando the Untamed has done pretty well for himself.

By
DICK RICHARDS

HIS handsome shadow has only to appear on a cinema screen and millions of women all over the world squirm with purring delight. Four short years and seven films have put Brando at the top. As a box-office draw he is the exhibitor's dream-boy.

But his latest film, "The Wild One," is too tough for British censors. They won't even "X" it.

What is the secret of the appeal of "The Slob," "The Great Unwashed," "The Valentino of the Bop Generation," as he has been variously described?

His sleepy, faraway eyes? His strong, compact frame? His caressing voice? His general air of not giving a hoot about anybody or anything? Or a combination of the lot?

In Hollywood it is not enough to be the fine actor that Marlon obviously is. Despite all the cynics' wisecracks, there are quite a number of fine actors.

No, in Hollywood—that fantastic, incredible goldfish-bowl—you have to be a personality.

Brando is a red-hot personality. In fact, he is the moodiest, most mixed-up, most discussed, most unpredictable, most torrid, most outrageous, stormiest of men.

He goes his own sweet way, not caring what people think or say of him, and he gets away with it. Hollywood cannot tame Brando. It has shrugged its shoulders and given up.

Marlon Brando's unconventional behaviour has created a new word in Celluloid City. It is "Marlishness," and "Marlishness" is what prompted Brando always to date waitresses, usherettes, typists, and shopgirls, when he could have snapped his fingers and played Romeo to the most sizzling of screenland's love-lies.

It is what caused him to tell a friend that he was secretly married to a French actress—and then, a little later, made him become engaged to Josiane Berenger, 22-year-old daughter of a humble French fisherman.

Will this startling romance last? With Brando you never can tell, but it provoked one Hollywood actress to remark: "She was only a fisherman's daughter, but she must know how to bait a hook!"

"Marlishness" is the quirk that caused him to wear smart suits and stylish Homburg hats just as everybody had got used to him slopping

around in T-shirt, jeans, and "sneakers."

It's the brand of churlishness that enables him to get away with outrageous behaviour.

An over-gushing woman tried to compliment him on one of his performances.

"Madam," he said, "you've laddered your stocking!" He then turned away abruptly and stood on his head.

But it is also the brand of charm that caused him to take the hand of a woman and delicately run his nose up her arm to discover what scent she was wearing.

"I felt quite funny in the head," she admitted afterwards.

"Marlishness" is — well, Marlon Brando.

His close friends hate the impression of eccentric, tough uncouthness that surrounds him. They claim he is misunderstood.

Listen to director Elia Kazan: "Marlon is one of the gentlest — very possibly the gentlest — persons I have ever known."

And one of his ex-girl-friends said of him: "Why, Marlon is so sensitive that until recently he wouldn't eat lettuce because it was so noisy!"

Now it is said there is a new Marlon Brando.

He lives in a civilised apartment instead of descending on his friends and curling up on their divans for a night's sleep.

There are two suggested reasons for the change. When, typically, he walked out of "The Egyptian," he was tangled up inside, a prey to secret fears.

In New York he found comfort on a psychiatrist's couch. Perhaps the psychiatrist really helped.



BRANDO looks happy when he poses with co-stars Greer Garson (left) and Deborah Kerr on the set of "Julius Caesar." As a box-office draw, he is an exhibitor's dream.

...THE UNTAMED

● This is the first of three special articles on Marlon Brando by London stage and screen columnist Dick Richards. He draws an intimate picture of the young man who leapt to fame in "Streetcar Named Desire" and who is now one of Hollywood's brightest, moodiest, and most unconventional stars.

Another reason may be the recent death of his mother, whom he loved dearly. The hours he spent at her bedside as she was dying gave him a new insight into himself.

"I watched my mother dying and I was very proud of the way she died," he said. "After seeing her go I was less afraid to live and less afraid to die myself."

"It's hard to explain, but I found something of myself then."

"Bud" Brando, as he is known, is 30, 5ft. 10in. tall, weighs about 12 stone, and has brown hair and brown eyes.

There is a brooding sadness in those eyes.

And, as someone once said, "He has the build of a gladiator and the sensitive face of a poet."

To most women this is an irresistible combination.

"He moves like a big cat," cooed one adoring woman-friend.

"He's a dream-boat," sighed a teenager to me. "It must be heaven to feel his arms around you!"

A middle-aged woman told me: "How I'd love him as my son!"

Yet an American magazine has branded Brando as "the world's worst lover — who enjoys making women fall for him but then tires of them."

He was born in April, 1924, in Omaha, the son of a lime-stone-products salesman.

Even as a blond, fat little boy he was obviously a character, always "hamming" and acting. His sister says:

"Life for young Bud was a series of contests. Who could eat fastest, open his mouth

widest, hold his breath longest, tell the biggest whopper, do the least homework and get away with it!"

At 19, young, virile, and restless, he decided that he wanted to be a preacher; but, fortunately, perhaps, his parents talked him out of it.

Turned down by the Army because of a faulty knee, he followed a haphazard road till he found the something that appealed to his vivid imagination, and that was to lead this stormy petrel to the stars.

He spent a summer digging ditches and as a tile-fitter in a drain factory. In New York he dabbled with painting; then he became a lift operator in a store. This lasted only four days.

"I had to call out things like 'lingerie,'" he told a friend. "It embarrassed me too much to stick it!"

It was then that he decided to study drama. It was soon obvious that here was his destiny.

Says his tutor, Stella Adler: "Marlon never had to learn to act. He knew. Right from the start he was the universal actor."

Very soon he played the part which was to fling him into the limelight and lead to Hollywood and world fame.

What an impact he made as Stanley Kowalski in "Streetcar Named Desire"!

"It was awful. It was sublime," wrote one critic.

He flung himself so completely into the role of the ill-mannered, lecherous, animal-like Pole that much of the part rubbed off on him. He even began to mumble incoherently off-stage.

Yet Brando has said heatedly: "Kowalski is completely

MOODY and explosive, Marlon Brando has been described as having "the build of a gladiator and the sensitive face of a poet."

unlike me. He was a nasty, brutal, insensitive, utterly wretched person whom I dislike and despise."

Talking of his unconventional looks a make-up man said: "Brando has a nose that falls down his face like melted ice-cream."

Yet his performance took this rebellious, groping young genius to Hollywood, and a million women began to dream dreams. Earlier, Brando had failed a screen test.

But four years ago he went to movieland and found the red carpet laid down for him.

The explosive Mr. B. surveyed the place like a moody

volcano, called it a "cultural boneyard."

Defiantly he announced that he was there only because he hadn't got the moral courage to resist the money.

He arrived to star in "The Men," wearing his only suit. It was a faded, frayed, shiny-blue horror, practically coming apart at the seams.

The first time he had a real Hollywood home was when he shared one with actor Tony Curtis and two other young men.

It was his playful habit to rise at four a.m. to play Afro-Cuban music on the drums.

Curtis, now happily married to Janet Leigh, recalls with a sigh: "It was noisy—but it was living!"

Then he moved into a remote wooden shack in a canyon. There was no phone—just room for Brando, his motor-bike, and a pet raccoon named Russell, from whom Marlon was inseparable and who later played a major role in busting up a Brando romance.

Brando set Hollywood talking at once. They've been talking ever since. The women stirred and looked with interest. They have been looking ever since.

NEXT WEEK:

● Dick Richards writes of the women in Marlon Brando's life, including a Hollywood actress who "got quite a kick out of darning his socks."



...News for Knitters!

...Star Patterns for '55!

Make a point of looking through the latest VILLAWOOL KNITTING BOOKS now at all good stores. You'll find the nicest knitteds for '55: charming patterns for all your family, combining new fashion points with comfort, smartness with good taste. (As for quality, you only have to feel them to know how much better these Villawool 4 Star Knitting Wools really are.)

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Kensitas
EXTRA SIZE

FINELY MADE ENGLISH CIGARETTES

PLAIN AND CORK-TIPPED



FOREIGN ACTORS visiting Rome almost invariably visit Eattistoni's famous shirt shop and Brando was no exception. Above with Signor Eattistoni (left) he examines a shirt.

Be smart as paint...

with **Berger**



That "freshly-painted" look lasts longer

when you use **Berger master**
...it shields your home behind...



Bergermaster beauty is lasting beauty... years after your home has been painted you'll find Bergermaster's sparkling gloss is still "alive" and the colours as bright and gay as ever. And there's a very good reason for this, too: Bergermaster is the one paint that contains STYRENE, the miracle plastic ingredient. Styrenated Bergermaster literally shields your home behind a gleaming, tough-yet-elastic film of PLASTIC ARMOUR. The sun can't blister it and cold can't dull its gloss. Every time it rains, it rains fresh beauty to your home... dust washes

away like magic from that glass-smooth Bergermaster surface. On top of all this, Bergermaster is the *easiest* paint to use you've ever tried... it simply flows on—evenly and smoothly with no sign of brushmarks. Ask your paint stockist to show you the glorious range of Bergermaster colours — they're fadeless, sparkling, beautiful.

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Berger paints keep on keeping on

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1955

FASHION NOTE



Lovely Jeanette Elphick models next season's fashions six to nine months before release. Like many other famous models she finds the work most exacting—but most interesting. One of the many things a top model has to pay special attention to is her hair. But this is no problem for Jeanette, who says: "Every weekend without fail I shampoo my hair. I use Vaseline Liquid Shampoo, because it's so wonderfully foamy and cleansing—leaves my hair soft and fresh." Next weekend try "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo. Feel how quickly it rinses out the dirt. See for yourself why Jeanette Elphick and other famous models choose "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo.

Skin needs NIVEA

For sunburn, chapped skin, use soothing NIVEA creme or NIVEA Skin Oil. Containing "Eucerite," it replaces the skin's natural oils.



NIVEA creme (in tins or tubes) or the liquid form, NIVEA Skin Oil. From your chemist or store.

HOW TO TREAT PAINFUL HAEMORRHOIDS (PILES)

For fast, blessed relief from sore, fiery, itching Haemorrhoids, get CHINAROID from your chemist. See how fast it usually soothes away pain, soreness, itching, nervousness. See how it cools fiery burning and helps shrink and heal swollen tissues. Wonder-soothing CHINAROID must prove a blessing to you or money back is guaranteed.

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

Letters addressed to this page will be answered here and in the order of first-come-first-answered. Many people have written enclosing envelopes for personal replies. I'm sorry, but this is not possible.

HERE are this week's letters.

"I AM to be a bridesmaid (one of two) in the near future. Could you please advise me on pre-wedding etiquette? Is it considered necessary to give kitchen teas? If so, to whom should the invitations be forwarded?"
J., Waverley, N.S.W.

You're not obliged to give a kitchen tea, but it is a nice idea to give one. It is such a big help to any girl setting up house.

Get together with her on the list of guests. She will have some girl-friends you haven't met, and they should be included.

All you need do is phone them, introduce yourself, and invite them. Write, if you'd rather do it that way. Those you haven't met are sure to have heard the bride speak of you, so you won't be entirely a stranger.

For wedding and pre-wedding etiquette, look back over Here's Your Answer in the issues of September 29, 1954, and January 12, 26, and February 9, this year.

"I AM a 15-year-old girl who has just left school and I would like to become a trainee nurse at the Royal North Shore Hospital. I was wondering if you could tell me all about this hospital and how I could become a trainee. As I am a country girl and cannot easily get this information, I

By KAY MELAUN

would like you to help me." J., Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

You're too young yet. The Matron of Royal North Shore tells me she doesn't accept trainees until they're 18. She asks any prospective trainee to get in touch with her at the age of 16½-17 to make an appointment for an interview.

There is a long waiting-list of prospective trainees at Royal North Shore.

Have you tried for a job in a hospital near home or made any inquiries? There may not be anything offering, but why not try?

"I WOULD like to give a pantry tea to a friend of ours who is getting married at Easter, but as I come from England I have not much idea just how to go about it. Would you be good enough to tell me all the details?"
Mrs. B., Vic.

It's more usual here to give a kitchen tea, with all the guests bringing presents for the kitchen, but plenty of pantry teas are given, too, so you're safe on that score.

The routine is simple—probably the same as you're familiar with. As hostess you ask the bride's girl-friends to the pantry tea. (Invitations by phone, personally, or by letter, whichever you like or how well you know them.)

They bring presents to stock the pantry shelves, and over afternoon tea the bride opens them.

Regulation fare is the usual tea, sandwiches, cakes, scones. Some people like to add savories. Still others have beer, cocktails, etc., as well, but this is exceptional.

On such occasions when many of the bride's friends are meeting for the first time they are sometimes a bit shy and they make it difficult for the hostess to get the party "going."

A QUEENSLAND teenager who plans to enter cattle from her own stud at the Royal Easter Show, Sydney, this year for the first time is 18-year-old Adele Langmore (right).

Adele is a daughter of the late Arthur Langmore. Her cattle run with those of her mother's stud at "Prospect," Jondaryan, 30 miles from Toowoomba. She started her own stud, "Berwick," in 1951 after she left New England Girls' School, Armidale, N.S.W.

Adele's sister, Clare, now Mrs. Richard Hays, of "Toa Dolla," Uralla, N.S.W., also has her own stud.

In 1953, the first year Adele exhibited at the Brisbane Exhibition, she won a third prize for a



stud bull and a reserve championship for a steer. She has since taken many prizes both as an exhibitor and as a judge.

Each morning, Adele's chores include riding round the cattle to see if any need special attention.

Four months before any show at which she intends to exhibit she begins training the cattle so that they will lead and stand properly before the judges.

Disc Digest

FOR show-business enthusiasts, disc CRF10-538 is essential. It's called "Memorable Moments from Musical Comedy," and presents seven artists in songs they created in the original productions. Apart from being top entertainment, I regard it as a collector's item.

BACK in 1914 Julia

Sanderson sang "They Didn't Believe Me" in "The Girl from Utah," and she does it again on this disc. Then there's Merman doing "I Got Rhythm" ("Girl Crazy") and The Four-some singing "Bidin' My Time" from the same show. Ethel next plugs "Let's Be Buddies" from "Panama Hattie," while Gertrude Niesen makes your eyebrows raise with "I Want to Get Married" ("Follow the Girls").

FOR slapstick comedy, Millie Weitz adds "Nobody Makes a Pass at Me" ("Pins and Needles"), and, best of all, there's the late Walter Huston doing the best recording of "September Song" ever made. It was used in the film "September Affair."

—Bernard Fletcher

One successful hostess says that she mixes them up by making a guessing game of the parcels. Everyone is asked to disguise the shape and size of the present in the wrapping.

The guest who gets the highest score of correct guesses wins a small prize.



HOLIDAY IN

SOUTH AFRICA

... LAND OF CONTRAST!

You'll never forget the thrilling spectacle, viewed in perfect safety, of wild animals in their natural setting... a setting of boundless splendour such as only South Africa can provide!

You'll have the time of your life, any time of the year, in the modern cities and coastal resorts of South Africa—among a friendly, hospitable people with your own language and customs.

If you're planning a trip to the U.K., break your journey in South Africa! Your travel agents will give you full information, or write

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PRIVATE BAG 164
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Check Perspiration! Stop odour 24 hours!

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There's a miracle anti-perspirant in Tact and, what's more, tests prove that, for 9 out of 10 people, Tact prevents odour for a full 24 hours... actually destroys the bacteria that cause odour. Get Tact to-day!



Large jar, 3/3d.

Handy tube, 2/1½d.

Does any man really understand you?

Who knows you as you really are? Does he?

Who knows the secret hopes that warm your heart?

Who knows the dreams you dream, the words you've left unspoken?

Who knows the black-lace thoughts you think while shopping in a gingham frock?


Who knows you sometimes long to sleep in pure-silk sheets?

Who knows you'd love to meet a man who'd hold your hand and listen ...

while you say nothing at all?

Who knows there was a morning when your orange juice sparkled like champagne?

Who knows the secret, siren side of you that's female as a silken cat?



Who else but Revlon understands you as you really are ...

*a trifle shy, but oh-so-warm ... and just a little reckless,
deep inside ... as strange and unexpected as cherries in the snow.*

Revlon's 'Cherries

COSTUME: MIGUEL FERRERAS FURS: ESTHER DOROTHY PHOTO: RICHARD AVEDON



in the Snow'

new madly voluptuous scarlet for lips and matching fingertips



'Noa-Smear' Lipstick
Regular Lipstick
New! Professional
Nail Enamel

back to have I said. I thought you told me it was you who made these dolls."

She looked startled for a moment as though she had never expected the subject to come up again. "I do," she snapped. "I design 'em. I let Mary work at 'em sometimes to help take her mind off she's a cripple and will never get a man."

But when I walked out again into the bright autumn day with the children playing on the pavement or throwing a ball up against the old brewery wall and traffic grinding by, my heart told me that Rose Callamit had lied and that I had found the sweet spirit behind the enchanted doll.

But the cold, clammy messenger of a doctor's instinct warned me also that unless I could determine the cause of her decline, that spirit would not be long for this earth.

Her name, I found out later, was Nolan, Mary Nolan, and she was slowly dying from no determinable cause—I was sure that her cousin had something to do with it. Not that Rose was killing her consciously. The red-haired woman actually was frightened. She wanted Mary alive, not dead, for Mary was her source of revenue.

After I had made a number of visits, Rose did not even bother to keep up the pretence that it was she herself who made the dolls, and I was able to piece together more of the picture.

When Mary was fifteen, her parents were killed in an accident which also resulted in her injury. A court had awarded her in guardianship to her only relative, the cousin Rose Callamit. When Mary's inheri-

Continuing . . . The Enchanted Doll

from page 9

tance proved meagre, Rose vented her spite on her by harping on her deformity.

Through the years of their association, the older woman had made her deeply sensitive to and ashamed of her lameness. Her theme was always: "You are a hopeless cripple. No man will ever look at you. You will never be married or have children."

When Mary came of age, her spirit apparently was broken and she was completely subjugated to the will of her cousin, for she continued to remain with her, under her sway, living a lonely and hopeless existence.

It was about this time that Mary first began to make the rag dolls, and Rose, for all her vulgarity, greed, and indolence, had the shrewdness to recognise their unique quality and irresistible appeal. After she had sold the first ones she kept Mary at it from morning until night.

Mary was terribly afraid of her cousin, but it was not that which was killing her. It was something else, and I could not find out what. Nor was I ever allowed to see her alone. Rose was always present.

Never had I been more conscious of the manifestation of good against evil than in that room with the girl, whose poor, suppressed nature fluttered so feebly in her wasted body, and the gross woman with greedy eyes and patchouli smell who exhaled the odor of wickedness.

I did not mention my belief in the possibility of cure for Mary's lameness. It was more important to discover what it was that was destroying her. Rose would not let her be moved to a hospital.

For ten days, I thought I had arrested the process that was killing Mary before my eyes. I stopped her work on

the dolls. I brought her some books to read, some sweets, and a bottle of sherry.

When I returned at the next visit, she smiled at me for the first time, and the tremulousness, the longing, the hunger, the womanliness and the despair of the smile would have broken a heart of stone.

"That's better," I said. "Another ten days of no dolls. Rest, sleep, read. Then we'll see."

But her cousin glowered and there was an unpleasant expression about her mouth.

When next I came to visit Mary, Rose was waiting for me in her own room. She said: "You needn't come any more, Doctor Amory. We don't need you now."

"But Mary . . ."

"She's fit as a fiddle. Good-bye, Doctor . . ."

My eyes wandered to the old trunk in the corner. There were three new dolls lying on top of it. Was it only my imagination, or was there a new quality to these mute, bewitched figurines? Was each in its way a birth and a death in one, a greeting to the beauties, desires, and pleasures of life and, at the same time, a farewell?

I had the most powerful impulse to push the monstrous woman aside and crash through the doors to see my patient. But the habits of medical ethics are too hard to break. When a physician is dismissed, it is his duty to go unless he has reason to suspect that his patient is meeting with foul play. I had no such reason.

I had failed to determine the cause of Mary's illness; Rose was undoubtedly calling in another doctor, for she needed Mary's work for an easy living, and would unquestionably try to protect her own interests.

Thus, with great heaviness of heart, I departed. But I thought about Mary night and day.

It was shortly after this that I became ill myself. Imperceptibly at first, then finally noticeably: loss of appetite, loss of weight, lethargy, irritability, at nightfall half a degree to a degree of temperature, and moments of weakness when I felt as though somehow I could not go on with my work.

I asked a doctor friend to examine me. He thumped and pounded and listened, and eventually reported: "There's nothing wrong with you, Stephen. Take things a little easier. You've probably been overworking. Nature's protest."

But I knew it wasn't that. I began to look shocking: my skin was losing its tone, my cheekbones showed and I was hollow-eyed from loss of sleep. I did not like the look in my eyes, or the expression about my mouth.

Sometimes my nights and my dreams were filled with fever and in them I saw Mary struggling to reach me while Rose Callamit held her imprisoned in her ugly arms. I had never been free from worry over failure to diagnose Mary's case.

My whole faith in myself as a doctor was badly shaken. A desperately stricken human being had called upon me for help and I had failed. I could not even help myself. What right had I to call myself a doctor? All through one awful night of remorse and reproach the phrase burned through my brain as though written in fire—

Physician, heal thyself.

Yes, heal myself before I was fit to heal others. But heal myself from what? If anything, my symptoms resembled those



of Mary Nolan. Mary! Mary! Mary! Always Mary!

Was she my sickness? Had she always been from the first moment that I had encountered that extension of her enchanted spirit embodied in the rag doll in the toy-shop?

And as morning greyed my bedroom window and the traffic clattered by, I knew my disease. I was in love with Mary Nolan. When I could couple the words—"love" and "Mary," when I could look up and cry—"I love her! I want her! I need her person and her soul at my side!" it was as though I could feel the fire of healing medicine growing through my veins.

It had always been Mary—the warmth and yearning, need and tenderness that she ex-

pressed with her presence, and the odd, off-beat beauty of her, too, a beauty that would only reach its full flower when I had cured and restored her in every way.

For now, as the scales fell from my eyes, and my powers were released again through the acknowledging of the hunger, love, and compassion I had for her, I knew Mary's sickness in full, to its last pitiful detail, and what I must do and why I must see her alone if only for a few minutes if she were not to be lost to me and the world forever.

That morning I telephoned Jim Carter and said: "This is Doctor Amory, Jim. Will you do something for me?"

"Anything, Doctor. After To page 41

ALL characters in the stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



BABS MacKINNON
Radio and Nightclub Singer



BETTINA WELCH
N. Z. Born Actress

Who's who?

PAIR THE BABY PICTURES
WITH THESE
PEARS BEAUTIES



PAT WOODLEY
"Miss N.S.W. 1951"



PAT GREGORY
Star of "Rose Marie On Ice"



DAWN READ
"Miss Coral Seat 1954"

Win Big Cash Prizes!

1ST PRIZE £400 • 2ND £100 • 3RD £50 • 30 PRIZES of £5 EACH
100 GIFT BOXES OF PEARS SOAP

Here's what to do: Each of these lovely Australian girls is a famous actress, model or entertainer. Each one of them relies on gentle Pears care to keep her complexion smooth and clear. At the right are photographs of the same girls as babies. Can you recognize them? Can you tell which baby grew up to be which Pears beauty? Contestants are asked to pair the photographs and then complete, in not more than 25 words, the sentence beginning "I LIKE PEARS SOAP BECAUSE . . ." There are a dozen reasons for liking Pears! Perhaps your favourite reason is because Pears is so pure (so pure you can see deep into the heart of each amber tablet), or because Pears is so mild (mild because each cake is matured for a full 14 weeks).

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES TO WIN

1. Each of these lovely girls was once one of the Pears babies pictured at the right. Contestants must pair up each adult photograph with the photo of the same girl as a baby.
2. When contestants have made their selection, they must put the number of the baby photograph against the name of the adult shown on right, and, on a separate sheet of paper, and in not more than 25 words, complete the sentence, "I like Pears Soap Because . . ."
3. Contestants may send in as many entries as they wish. Each additional entry must be on a separate sheet of paper bearing their name and address. Every entry must be accompanied by 2 Pears wrappers.*
4. Post entries to "Pears Beauty Baby Contest", Box 7055 G.P.O. Sydney, to arrive not later than Friday, 25th, March.
5. Entries will be judged on accuracy, neatness and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.
6. Main prizewinners will be announced on "Give It A Go", April 18th, and "You're on Clover", April 22nd. All prizewinners will be notified by mail.

* Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where the enclosure of such wrappers would contravene the law of the State.



MARGO LEE
Star of Stage & Radio

NAME

ADDRESS

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☐ BETTINA WELCH
☐ MARGO LEE
☐ DAWN READ
☐ BABS MacKINNON
☐ PAT WOODLEY

On a separate sheet of paper and in not more than 25 words complete the sentence "I like Pears Soap because . . ."

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Fight decay
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HOW SCIENTISTS PROVED THAT NEW IPANA KEEPS TEETH AND BREATH CLEANER

Scientists at a leading U.S. University, in a study of brushing teeth in the morning and after meals, found that New Ipana made badly stained teeth 54% cleaner—the first day. Another test used an odour-measuring osmometer to study breath. Men and women with severe mouth odour brushed their teeth with New Ipana. In all cases, the bad breath was stopped for up to 9 hours.

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IPANA with CHLOROPHYLL also contains WD-9

People who want the extra breath-protection of Chlorophyll will welcome the news that Ipana with Chlorophyll has all the big New Ipana benefits... anti-decay WD-9... new taste... new cleaning power!

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yet good for all weather*

Don't scoff ! It's true ! There are NYLON weaves and tricots for all weathers, all climates ! Dresses, lingerie, foundation garments are at their coolest summer sweetness in NYLON light meshes or open weaves. For autumn there is gaiety and warmth in a host of close knit NYLON tricots . . . snug enough to wear all through winter ! If you're a chillsome mortal, NYLON satins or heavy locknits are like a warm hug. Versatile NYLON packs tight and small . . . washes and dries in minutes . . . wears well . . . doesn't crease. Ho hum ! — you're a lucky lass to have NYLON in your world !

IN THIS MODERN WORLD

nylon
BELONGS



One of a series of advertisements dealing with the practical advantages of Nylon merchandise. Inserted by British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Mon., the suppliers of Nylon yarn and, Nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.



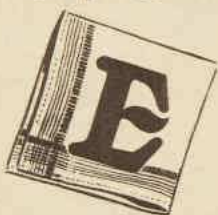
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grandma has
always insisted
on genuine
PHILIPS



Make Baby's Hair
GROW CURLY
4 Weeks Treatment
3/6 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

Continuing

The Enchanted Doll

from page 38

everything you done for my kid, you name anything."

"Do you remember Mrs. Rose Callamit? The doll woman? Well, the next time she comes into the shop find some means of telephoning me. Then keep her there in some way. Talk, or do something, anything to make her stay. I need twenty minutes. Right? Got it? I'll bless you for the rest of my days."

I was terrified that it would happen while I was on an outside call, and each time I returned to the surgery I looked in at the shop, but Jim would merely shake his head. Then one day at five o'clock in the afternoon the phone rang. It was Jim. He said merely: "It could be now," and rang off.

It took me no more than a minute or two to run the few hundred yards to the house where Mary lived. I ran upstairs two steps at a time. If the door was locked I would have to get the landlady.

But I was lucky. Rose had expected to be gone only a few moments, apparently and the door was open. I hurried into the back room and found Mary.

There was so little of her left.

She was sitting up in bed, but now the absolute pallor had been replaced by two red fever spots that burned in the middle of her cheeks, a danger sign more deadly than the wastage of her hands and body. She was still surrounded by the paints and bits of colored cloth and threads, as though she did not wish to die before she had put together one more image, one more dream, one last reflection of the sweet self that life had apparently so cruelly doomed to wither.

She looked up when I came in, startled out of her lethargy. She had expected it to be Rose. Her hand went to her breast and she said my name. Not "Doctor Amony," but "Stephen!"

I cried: "Mary! Thank God I'm in time. I came to help you. I know what it is that has been—making you ill—"

She was in that state where nothing escaped her. She felt my hesitation and knew I had avoided saying "... that is

killing you," for she whispered: "Does it matter now?"

I said: "There is still time, Mary. I know your secret. I know how to make you well. But you must listen to me while I tell you ... your life depends on it."

A change came over her. She closed her eyes for an instant and murmured: "No. Don't, please. Let me go. I don't want to know. It will be over soon."

I had not thought that she might be unwilling or unable to face it. And yet I had to go on now. I sat down and took her hand.

"Mary. Please listen. When a body is undernourished we give it food; when it is anemic we supply blood; when it lacks iron or hormones we give it tonic. But you have been drained dry of something else without which the soul and body cannot be held together."

Her eyes opened and I saw that they were filled with horror and a glazing fear. She seemed about to lose consciousness as she begged: "No! Don't say it ...!"

I thought perhaps she might die then. But the only hope for her, for us both, was to go on.

"Mary! My brave, dear girl. It is nothing so terrible. You need not be afraid. It is because you have been drained of love. Look at me, Mary!"

My eyes caught and held hers. I willed her to remain alive, to stay with me, to hear me out.

"Look, Mary, a person has just so great a reservoir of love to expend. It is drawn upon through life and must ever be replenished with tenderness, affection, warmth, and hope. Thus the supply is always renewed. But yours has been emptied until there is nothing left."

I could not be sure that she still heard me. "It was Rose Callamit," I continued. "She took away your every hope of life, love, and fulfillment. But what she did later to you was a much blacker crime. For she took away your children!"

There, it was out! Had I killed her? Had it been I, who loved her beyond words, who had administered the death blow? And yet I thought I saw a flicker of life in those poor, stricken eyes, and even perhaps the faintest reflection of relief.

"Oh, yes, they were your children, Mary, those enchanted creatures you created. When you were convinced that you had lost your chance to be a woman, you compensated for it by embodying your hopes, your dreams, and, like every creator, whether mother or artist, a piece of your heart in each of the dolls you made."

"You created them with love; you loved them as you would have loved your own children and then each one was taken from you and nothing was given to you to replace them. And so you continued to draw them from your heart until your life was being drained away from you. People can die from lack of love."

Mary stirred. The glaze passed from her eyes. I thought I felt the response of faint pressure from the cold hand in mine.

I cried: "But you won't, Mary, because I am here to tell you that I love you, to refill you to overflowing with all that has been taken from you. Do you hear me, Mary? I am not your doctor. I am a man telling you that I love you and cannot live without you."

I caught her incredulous whisper. "Love me? But I am a cripple!"

"If you were a thousand times a cripple, I would still love you. But it isn't true. Rose Callamit lied to you. You can be cured. In a year I will have you walking like any other girl."

For the first time since I had known her I saw tears in her eyes and a tinge of color to her cheeks. Then she lifted her arms to me with an utter and loving simplicity.

I picked her up out of the bed, with the blanket wrapped around her. She had no weight at all; she was like a bird. And she clung to me with a kind of sweet desperation, so that I wondered where the strength in her arms came from and the glow of her cheek against mine; she who but a moment ago had seemed so close to death.

A door slammed. Another crashed open. Rose Callamit stormed into the room. I felt Mary shudder with the old fear and bury her face in my shoulder.

But Rose was too late. It was all over. There was nothing she could do any more, and she knew it. There was not even a word spoken as I walked past her, holding my burden closely to me, and went out of the door and down into the street.

Outside, the sun shone on the dusty pavements; no wind blew; children were playing noisily in the street as I carried Mary home.

That was three years ago and I am writing this on an anniversary. Mary is busy with our son, and is preparing for our second. She does not make dolls now. There is no need.

We still have many kinds of anniversaries, but this is the one I celebrate privately and give humble thanks for—the day when I first saw and fell in love with the message from Mary's soul, imprisoned in the enchanted doll that cried out to me from the grimy window of Jim Carter's toy-shop near Abbey Lane.

(Copyright)



Beautiful Michelle Sofary—Sydney model—discovered that only Nyal Toothpaste gives sparkle and brightness to her teeth. She says—

"I like the way
Nyal Toothpaste
brightens my teeth!"

You, too, can have whiter, brighter teeth in only 10 days by using Nyal Toothpaste. New American-formula Nyal Toothpaste will clean your teeth better than ever before! **Cleans Teeth Better.** In texture and cleansing power, Nyal Toothpaste sets a new standard; foams instantly, helps remove food particles from between the teeth.

Makes Teeth Brighter. The highly-activated dental detergent contained in Nyal Toothpaste quickly and safely removes all traces of dulling film and stains.

Makes the Mouth Fresher. The clean, refreshing peppermint flavour of Nyal Toothpaste lingers long after brushing your teeth. Children like it, too!

Have whiter teeth in 10 days with...



Sold by all Chemists

2/7

I am safe now from winter
COLDS



"I'd always had a lot of colds in the winter and usually one really bad one. I almost used to wait for them to come. Last winter I tried a preventive treatment, to see if it would help. Luckily I had heard about Anti-Bi-San and, although I didn't expect too much, I was delighted with the result—not one cold all winter. I've taken Anti-Bi-San each quarter regularly and I'm confident of protection from colds." In the great majority of cases Anti-Bi-San provides protection against colds within 10 days of the start of treatment.

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SOLD BY LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

DRESS SENSE *by Betty Keep*

● The autumn-winter maternity suit illustrated here is chosen for the number of young mothers-to-be who write saying they want to look attractive while expecting a baby.

BELOW is a typical letter and my reply.

"I AM expecting a babe in July, and would like you to design me a two-piece style to make up in soft wool. I want a fairly simple design, and a pattern. Normally I take s.s.w. May I take the opportunity of thanking you for your wonderful service in 'Dress Sense'."

I have chosen (and illustrated at right) a two-piece suit for you to wear during pregnancy, because it is comfortable, practical, and has the advantage of all "separates"—both units can be switched around and worn with other garments.

Furthermore, the shirt-like jacket is right in fashion, and the straight skirt is styled for expansion.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in stock sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. See further details and how to order under the sketch.

N.B.: Be sure to choose a flattering color for the suit and be sure that the white pique collar and cuffs are spick and span.

"I HAVE a problem and I am hoping you can help me with it. I was thinking of having a belted torso frock made for cocktails, but was not sure what length the bodice should be."

The current bodice section of the long-torso line is mould-

ed (with ease) to two different lengths—just below the waist and to the hipline. For this silhouette the skirt line can be made full by way of unpressed pleats or flares cut on a bias; or it can be quite slim.

"WOULD you be kind enough to give me advice on the style and material for a blouse to wear with a black velvet late afternoon costume?"

I advise a long-torso overblouse made in silk jersey. Have the blouse finished with a high square or scooped neckline and finished with tiny

sleeves, and have it hip length and beltless, fitted to the waistline. For the color I suggest white, honey-amber, or stone-beige.

"SEEING you have helped so many people regarding styles of clothes, I hope you will now assist me. Mother has promised to make me a party frock, and we would like your advice on the design. I am 15½, and old-looking for my age. It will have to be in a warm material, as the weather is freezing up here."

For the 14 to 16 age group an open neckline and a full

skirt shaped away from a snug waistline is a very popular design. An alternative idea would be a princess-line dress designed with an oval neckline and short sleeves, and finished with a deep pleated hem flounce with a narrow ribbon (marking the line above the flounce) tied in a bow at the centre front. Material and color suggestions: velveteen in coral-pink or butter-yellow.

"COULD you please suggest some new and popular idea for a winter suit? I have a tall, thin figure, and am 26. My hair is mid-brown, and I have brown-hazel eyes."

A three-piece box-jacket costume is a popular suit design for autumn and winter. One of the favorite interpretations of this theme is

black - and - white tweed worn with a belted wool jersey overblouse. The overblouse could be in red or white wool jersey with the lining of the jacket matched to the blouse.

"WOULD you please assist me in choosing a skating costume—something striking and unusual? I can't find a design in any of the magazines."

The three following costumes were worn and attracted attention in New York at the famous outdoor rink at Rockefeller Centre:

An above-knee-length skirt in bright pink velveteen paired with a bulky dark grey sweater.

Second design was a one-color skating ensemble consisting of very short, wide box-pleated beige gabardine kilt, cashmere sweater, and matching panties.

Third ensemble was a short clan plaid kilt worn with a pale blue leather jacket.



D.S. 132.—Maternity suit in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material and 1½ yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in Brief: Caring for smooth arms

By CAROLYN EARLE

ROUGH, coarse patches of skin on the backs of the upper arms and on the elbows become much more apparent unless something is done to discourage the blemish.

The logical time for remedial work is during the bath or shower, when a light scrubbing with a soft brush and mild soap will set up a tingling that denotes stimulated circulation.

After brisk towel drying, rub hand lotion into your arms and hands, beginning at the fingertips and working up to the shoulders, concentrating on rough skin areas along the way.

Where something more is needed to top off this treatment, try 10 minutes of massage about once a week for a few

weeks, using cream and a slightly damp sponge to massage it into the skin instead of using your fingers.

Wearing strapless and sleeveless frocks sometimes poses a problem in arm grooming. Powdering of the arms is a "must" to achieve an even color-tone; on the other hand, the prospect of the powder rubbing off doesn't appeal.

As a compromise, try stroking face-powder on the arm surface fairly generously, then with the other side of your powder-puff buff the whole area into a natural-looking sheen.

Make sure to check that powder applied to the under-arm is well distributed so that it will not cake unattractively.



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PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

AUTUMN DESIGNS: To make from a pattern

The seven smart autumn designs here are chosen for the home dress-maker to make from a pattern. Each pattern has an accurate and easy-to-follow instruction chart with full details for drafting, sewing, and finishing. Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart.



No. 3565



• For cocktails and dinner, a ballerina-length one-piece dress (left), designed with sleeveless bodice-top and square-cut neckline. The easy skirt fullness is finished with an exciting hemline ruffle. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 8yds. 36in. material. Pattern price, 3/6.

No. 3563



• Perfect in plain wool is the smart front-buttoned coat-frock (above). The design has a moulded bodice with an Oriental flavor, plus a wide skirt. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

No. 3567

• Herringbone-pattern wool skirt (right) is designed with a deep inverted centre pleat. Twin hip pockets and a self-material belt drawn through slots complete the chic design. Sizes: 24½in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Pattern price, 2/6.





No. 3566



• The dominant silhouette in autumn fashions — the long torso — is chosen for the tailored one-piece (left). Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material, ½yd. 36in. pique, and 2yds. 1in. ribbon. Pattern price, 3/6.

No. 3564



• Ballerina (right) captures all the excitement of autumn fashions with its moulded princess line flowing into a wide skirt. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. of fur edging. Price, 3/6.



No. 3568



• Shapely classic blouse (right) designed with trim fluid lines and garnished with a wide collar and matching cuffs. It is luscious in a vivid shade and perfect poised above a wide or slim skirt. The design looks equally smart in wool, cotton, or silk. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Pattern price, 2/6.



No. 3569



• New point of interest for a shirtwaist blouse (left) is a panel of pleats at centre back with a tab fastening under the neat collar. It is tailored for freedom. Sleeves are three-quarter-length and cuffed—an ideal blouse to wear with a classic suit. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Pattern price, 2/6.

In these three hours your skin "*dies*" a little



Your most troublesome skin problems are apt to get their start in daily 1 to 3 hour "danger periods" dermatologists have discovered. This is immediately after you wash your face. When you wash away the dirt, you also wash away natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defences. Meanwhile, your skin is "un-balanced" . . . open to troubles like these: "Shrivelling", flaking . . . enlarged pores, coarsened texture.

Read how women noted for their beautiful complexions keep free of these skin problems . . .

After each washing — "re-balance" your skin

Some signs of "un-balance" show up as soon as you finish washing your face: A drawn-tight, burning feel . . . shininess. Flaky roughnesses . . . splotchy, uneven colour.

These are the more obvious signs of skin "un-balance"—the ones you notice right away. But in the 1 to 3 hour period that Nature takes to re-protect your skin, much more distressing problems can take root. Tiny dry lines deepen. The inside moisture that keeps skin cells "plumped up" evaporates away, and the outer skin "shrivels". Skin secretions harden into little plugs in pore-openings—cause stretched pores and blackheads.

What do leading skin specialists advise? Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not", they say. "Wash your face—and as often as you wish. But after each washing, be sure to 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

60 times faster than Nature

Distinguished society women noted for their lovely complexions follow up each face washing with an immediate application of Pond's Cold Cream. It takes less than 7 seconds to smooth your face lightly with Pond's. Yet this one simple act "re-balances" your skin within one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. You can actually feel the

"re-balancing". Pond's quick-acting beauty formula promptly restores skin elasticity and "tone". Combats dryness, flaking, parched shrivelling. Keeps pore-openings cleared—keeps skin texture fine and smooth. Always leave on a trace of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" beneath your make-up.

Every night at bedtime — a deep clearing and firm-up.

Besides a quick 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough cleansing each night. A luxurious, deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges stubborn, water-resistant dirt from the pores. It arouses healthy, vitalizing circulation. Keeps your complexion looking glowingly fresh, young and firm, vibrant. Do it every night without fail.

Today—begin this wonderfully uncomplicated complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream: After each face washing—a quick 7-second skin "re-balancing". And every night at bedtime—a deep Pond's clearing and firm-up. Before the week is out, you'll find that this new beauty habit has become second nature. And before two weeks have passed, you'll be hearing people say: "What have you been doing to yourself . . . your skin looks wonderful!"

Mrs. Bertrand L. Taylor III

One of the outstanding beauties of society, photographed in her charming New York home. She says: "I find that just a simple, quick follow-up with Pond's Cold Cream after each washing does more for my complexion than the most complicated beauty routine. And, of course, I always give my face a deep stimulating clearing with Pond's Cold Cream at bedtime."



These women are among the beautiful social leaders who use Pond's —

MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT;
S. A. R. LA PRINCESSE MURAT;
MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART;
MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE;
MRS. WINSTON FREDRICK CHURCHILL GUEST;
THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND;
LA MARQUISE DE LEVIS MIREPOIX.

The world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled. Get a jar or handy tube of Pond's Cold Cream today. Keep it right in your bathroom—reach for it the second you finish washing your face. Today—begin giving your skin perfect care with a perfect cream.

PC31

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are March 23 and 27. Black accessories, black and white combinations, accompanied by a touch of red, are fine.	★ Now is the moment to make your bid for a step up in the world. If employed, show what you can do, if a voluntary worker, seek support for the cause.	★ Taken up with plans for your wardrobe, or your personal affairs, you may not care if your place of residence is neglected, or if you have to do double duty later.	★ This is high time for romance. If a boy, take the initiative with confidence. If a girl encourage him by careful grooming and attractive dressing to come to the point.	★ A testing time for your qualities of leadership. Study other people, give and accept invitations, gain all the know-how you can, being alert to learn.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are March 24 and 28. Pale pastel blue in blouse, or frock, will produce an atmosphere of quiet contentment around you.	★ You have a brainwave and you are out to make it a practical reality. Do not permit opposition, or unforeseen obstacles, to slap you into giving it up.	★ Visitors, either your own or the family's, are likely to make extra work; enjoy their presence and avoid elaborate hospitality. A committee meeting likely.	★ Have you recently met what appears to be the idol of your dreams? Work towards better acquaintance and do not allow glamor to run away with you.	★ You may beat a social retreat because of accumulation of essential tasks, through nervous tension, or sheer weariness. Take time out from the battle.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are March 23 and 26. Wear unusual costume jewellery, odd bracelets, or amusing ornaments, for pleasant relationships.	★ Friends may put you wise to an excellent opportunity, or you may ask their help in finding the right niche for your talents. Otherwise, happy relations.	★ Perhaps you are anxious to impress someone who could be of use to you in a business connection, and find it less expensive to entertain at home. Be natural.	★ The teenager is sure to meet with plenty of heart throbs. That's fine if you do not take them too seriously. Older natives may be happy on mixed teams in sports.	★ You're whirling on the merry-go-round with hardly a minute to yourself, but that's the way you like it. Some friends and interests are chiefly temporary, however.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are on March 22 and 25. Any shade of mauve, mauve and white, in kmail patterns, can help you.	★ Timidity, lack of self-confidence, can be a stumbling block just now. Don't be pushed into the background by folks who blow their own trumpet. Advertise your gifts.	★ The E.s.d. are a subject for thought, and you may be obliged to cut your coat to fit your cloth. Home economies need not be drab or monotonous. Use imagination.	★ General social activity may become more brisk, but you are most likely to enjoy it. The beloved is likely to escort you to important places you have not seen.	★ The spotlight is on you and your doings, with many breaks in your favor; take full advantage of your opportunities, and cash in on prestige, popularity.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are March 22 and 26. For satisfactory travel, whether the journey be long or short, choose brown, relieved with yellow.	★ If you wish to improve your position, it would be wise to study for a more important job, or learn through observing associates who are successful.	★ Tired of doing the weekly routine? Look up your home and bust off. Choose a road by which you do not usually travel. Visit places you have not seen.	★ Make plans for an outing, or week-end, a few weeks hence. Investigate possibilities involving places you have never visited. This will mean a fresh interest to both.	★ Thoughts may be directed towards filling out an entire schedule of activities covering several months. Be willing to listen to advice, and give others a share.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are March 23 and 28. All rose tints, from candy-pink to deep vieux rose, in blouse or scarf, will be profitable to finances.	★ Should you be on the outer with the powers-that-be, it may be force of circumstances rather than any personal reaction. Do your best to iron out causes of friction.	★ Mutual exchange of services with a neighbor, or friend, may be the solution to one problem. If a parent, trips to town with children, to doctor, or dentist.	★ A third party may break into your friendship, perhaps through chance, or circumstances. Instead of grizzling, find a partner to make up a foursome, with happy results.	★ An incident connected with a friend, or associate, may cause embarrassment. If you are unable to avoid the clash, forget it quickly.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are March 24 and 28. Midnight-blue, navy-blue, are your best bet, if you are out to attract the opposite sex.	★ A team is no more efficient than its weakest link, and without co-operation little can be accomplished. You have a natural talent for harmonizing people.	★ Engaged couples may pore over house plans, others look for a suitable flat. Long-married subjects may decide on a scheme which has been debated at length.	★ Whether in the throes of your first love affair, or if married for years, romance is under happy stars, and middle-aged folks renew their youth.	★ Partnerships are important. You can't play the Lone Wolf and win. Friends and supporters rally around if you do not try to dictate.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are March 24 and 27. Blues with a definite tinge of lavender, also flowers added to a dark outfit, help to obtain favors.	★ No luck at present, but hard work will take you places. Put aside likes and dislikes, keep an eye on the goal, and stride forward towards your objective.	★ It's a case of do it yourself. Whatever your undertaking, there's lots of elbow grease involved. You may also persuade the family to hop in.	★ You're rather too busy to show your affection, but it is there none the less. A gift, or practical help, is likely to be a feature of the coming week.	★ Quite a few of you will feel you've shouldered enough responsibility of late and that it's your turn to sit back and let the rest carry on.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are March 24 and 28. All colors which can be seen in the sea, such as blue, green, grey are helpful to those in love.	★ You'll be on the spot when most needed, all ready to step in. If an appointment is temporary, you can pile up good-will and prestige.	★ Some of you may win as a prize in a competition a house, or a different town, or a more desirable district.	★ You and your loved one should spend happy hours together. If married, you may be blessed with an addition to the family. Alternatively, a wedding invitation.	★ Good times galore, especially for the younger set. They will be likely to include sporting events, or active games. Others receive a greatly desired invitation.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are March 26 and 27. Almost any shade of green in frock, blouse, or scarf, will favor the hostess, or home shopping.	★ If you are a housewife, you may actually enjoy settling down to your chores for a few days and work out a new budget. Results may surprise you financially.	★ Home may look pretty good to you and you might wish to relax there. If you have a garden, you'll be fully occupied. Otherwise, you rearrange furniture.	★ A telephone call, or a letter from the beloved, may start a chain of events which become quite exciting, with news which will have an effect on previous plans.	★ Simple hospitality at home could be preferable to expensive entertaining elsewhere. A housewarming may be on the list of your social engagements.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are March 22 and 26. If going visiting, or for minor social occasions, flower, beads, or earrings, of pure white, are tops.	★ Using your brains, you may save work, but don't push this too far, or insist on startling changes, which irritate others. Introduce your ideas gradually.	★ Window shopping for ideas, or for making decisions, will be preliminary to future developments. You'll glean information in regard to several domestic matters.	★ If torn in two directions, eager to please several people, or if your family are critical of the one you love, be prepared to wait until the position is clarified.	★ You are starting on a new amusement, or hobby, which brings in new people. Progress may be fast at first, then slower, but you'll get the hang of it.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Very pale green or yellow tints in blouse or accessories, ties, or bows, will aid the bargain hunter to find extraordinary values.	★ Spending more than you earn can bring plenty of headaches, and that is your greatest danger at present. Start systematic saving for the particular object you want.	★ If you can't have exactly what you want, you can compromise and discover an acceptable substitute. This will accord with your budget and still be satisfactory.	★ Love and money seem to be entwined. Keep away from expensive entertainings or gifts, which you can't afford. May find the one and only greedy.	★ Most of you will be too busy with an enterprise dear to your heart to care much about general social events. You'll want to step out again soon.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1955

you wouldn't work through your lunch-hour today for fifty varieties of the Mr. Cutts species, would you?

If he worked here you could be near him all day, and you could have lunch with him, and you could go home with him and you could . . .

"Boo!"

"Oh!" cried Trudi, dropping the rubber she had been clutching so tightly. The typists laughed.

"Wake up, Australia, your country needs you," quoted one.

"Come back to the fold for a few more minutes, anyway. We'd hate to see Mr. Cutts fire you over his silly report."

"Oh, yes. The report, of course."

Trudi took a furtive glance at the clock. A quarter to! And you have to meet him at one!

She started on the report. There seemed to be pages and pages of Mr. Cutts' monotonous scribble.

She forced her mind to remain in the one channel as she typed the report.

" . . . and so, gentlemen, I feel we have chosen the correct course in directing our products through the above-mentioned warehouses, as opposed to the sales plan in its original . . ."

At last Trudi finished. She grasped the thin pages and hastily shuffled them into their correct order as she almost ran to Mr. Cutts' office. Her eyes flicked momentarily up to the clock. Five to!

Trudi threw the papers on to her employer's desk and ran down the passage to the girl's room. She quickly slipped a comb through her hair, dabbed on some more lipstick—no time to wipe the old stuff off—grabbed her coat and hat, and dashed down the stairs and out into the street.

Continuing . . . The Date

from page 3

She leaped on to a tram as it started moving and almost lost her shoe, then fell gaspingly into a seat.

Mustn't be late. Must make a good impression, said Trudi to Trudi. It's all right to be a little late when you know him better; it's a good way to test his temper for one thing. But not the first time. Oh no, not the first time. You must be there before him.

You'll have time to sort yourself out and cool down. You can't charge up to him in this state. He'll think you're silly if you do. You must look quite calm and cool—you must have your back to him, and you'll turn and greet him as if he is one of the many boys who take you out.

"Come on, now. Come on."

"Pardon?"

"Fares!"

"Oh, fares. I'm sorry."

She could see her faint reflection in the window opposite. It's handy having your reflection in a window; you can pretend to be looking out the window when you're really checking on your make-up and hair and is your hat on right.

Will you look nice enough for him? Will you make him feel proud to be seen with you, or will he just be polite, and wishing all the time that he hadn't invited you?

Suddenly she realised the tram had not moved for some time. She looked out. There were cars everywhere. Some drivers were shouting, and gesticulating wildly, some pressed out rapid blasts on their horns, and others just sat and waited. It was a traffic jam.

Trudi quickly took in the situation and pushed her way off the tram. She ran helter-skelter through the growing lunch-time crowds, her high

heels beating out a clicking tattoo on the pavement.

Then she was there. She wheeled into Royal Arcade and slowed to a fast walk. As she approached the hat shop she slowed to a dawdle, and people she had flown past now strolled past her. He was not there.

That's good, said Trudi to Trudi. It gives you time to cool down and rest a little. She stood outside the hat shop and checked her appearance in the hat shop mirror.

She inspected the small selection of hats, then inspected them again. He'll be along in a minute.

But ten minutes later he had still not arrived.

Trudi looked Trudi straight in the eye. You don't think he . . . Oh, no, not him. He wouldn't do a thing like that. He's probably been held up—most likely the traffic jam has caught him, too.

When he comes along he'll apologise, but you'll forgive him straight away because he really couldn't help it, and it would make him a bit nasty if you held it against him, and you don't want that today. Today's a wonderful day, you're having lunch . . .

The girl in the hat shop smiled at Trudi, and she started to smile back. Then she suddenly wiped the smile from her face and turned away.

How does she know you've been waiting nearly a quarter of an hour for him? And, anyway, why did she have to smile at you in such a way; almost as if she were calling you 'dope'?

Trudi moved up one shop and studied a windowful of radios. But she saw the man

behind the counter looking at her, so she moved up to another shop and gazed at trays and trays of cakes. But she did not want to miss him, so she returned to the hat shop.

Outside the hat shop she took a furtive glance at her watch; the girl in the hat shop must not know she was waiting anxiously for anybody. It was twenty-five past. Twenty-five past! And he said one o'clock! The hero of last night was no more.

Trudi bought a sandwich and wandered into the park. She sat on a bench and watched an old lady feeding the pigeons.

But she's an old maid, said an unreasonable facet of Trudi to Trudi.

Two big tears started to bank up behind her eyelids, but they were forced back.

No, no, no, no! He's not worth it. If a boy is so mean and despicable that he will play up to you all night and invite you to lunch and have you running all over town risking your life in traffic jams and being smiled at by cynical women in hat shops and then not turn up, then he's not even worth thinking about, let alone crying over.

All right, then, if that's the way he wants it, O.K. If he sees you in the street you won't know him, and if he speaks to you you'll ignore him. But suppose he sees you and doesn't speak? He wouldn't dare.

No doubt he thought last night was a terrific joke. He probably rang all his friends this morning and told them the whole story. It's likely he had them posted all over the place to watch you, and now they're in a huddle somewhere, laughing their heads off. They might still be watching you! Well, you won't be seen with tears in your eyes, that's certain.



"I've located the trouble. You've a leak in your glove compartment."

A young man walked past, whistling gaily to himself.

You're probably one of them, silently accused Trudi. She hurled the crust of her sandwich after the departing and unknowing male.

The pigeons sighted the crust and immediately swooped. Even the pigeons think you're an old maid here to feed them. Well, if that's what they think, all right. You'll be an old maid for the rest of your life. And it will all be his fault.

Trudi stood up and walked disconsolately back to the office and up the stairs.

As she approached the typists' room she could hear the typewriters banging away inside.

You're late!

Quickly she threw her hat and coat on to a peg and flew into the typists' room. On her entrance all sound stopped.

"Where on earth have you been?"

"Has—has Mr. Cutts or anybody been looking for me? I know I'm late."

"Well, luckily no one's been looking for you. In fact, we're the only ones who've missed you."

"I don't know about being late, exactly," said Vi. "But I'd like to know where you've been. You shot out of this place like greased lightning at five to twelve and it's now almost one o'clock . . ."

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14 sheets a week!

WITH ALL THOSE SHEETS, 10 OR 11 TOWELS AND THE KIDDIES' CLOTHES, THE WASH PILES UP. BUT WITH RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS IT'S SOON ON THE LINE.

Rinso's thicker, richer suds make light work of all the wash!

Step into Mrs. Beer's sunny backyard any wash-day and you'll see a line full of frosty white sheets, towels, tea-towels, pillowslips, and a row of youngsters' clothes. The whites are dazzling, the coloureds brighter than new.

"I couldn't manage without Rinso, and get through two packets a week," Mrs. Beer says. "And no red, rough hands either!"

Like thousands of Australian housewives, Mrs. Beer has proved that there's nothing to beat Rinso's thicker, richer suds for everything you wash—whites, coloureds, dishes.

Rinso is recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines

In the good, green country of Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., Mr. and Mrs. Beer are bringing up a healthy family of young Australians—five girls and two boys. The eldest is 12, the youngest 14 months—and between them they make plenty of washing for capable Mrs. Beer.

MORE WASHING-UP! BUT WE DON'T MIND WHEN WE'VE GOT LOTS OF LOVELY RICH RINSO SUDS TO GET DISHES BRIGHT AND SHINY.





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Michel D'or in the glamorous gold case 8/- (refills 5/-).

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MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON

PRETTY Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford (photographed together on this page) were chosen to play the roles of Marjorie Lawrence, the Australian-born opera star, and her American husband, Dr. Thomas King, in M.G.M.'s "Interrupted Melody."

The picture will have its world premiere in Melbourne late this month.

Of special interest to Australians because of the subject matter, "Interrupted Melody," filmed in CinemaScope and color, tells a lyrical love story based on dramatic incidents in the life and career of the singer who was stricken with infantile paralysis at the height of her success.

Realistically, it depicts the inspired courage of the artist who, aided by her devoted husband, continues performing on operatic and concert stages in spite of physical adversity.

On the operatic side there are scenes and music from "La Boheme," "Il Trovatore," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Madame Butterfly," "Carmen,"

"Samson and Delilah," and "Tristan and Isolde."

Musical excerpts from 11 operas in all are heard, as well as other types of music.

Film star Eleanor Parker regards the Marjorie Lawrence role as the most challenging of her booming movie career.

"Learning to mouth words to synchronise with a voice singing on the sound-track is more difficult than it looks," she says. "I spent hours, days, and weeks of practising with gramophone records before I got the knack of it."

The studio gave the role of Cyril Lawrence, Marjorie's brash, handsome brother and manager, to British actor Roger Moore. Veteran character-actor Cecil Kellaway heads a large supporting cast of players.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

* Beau Brummell

METRO'S controversial Royal Command film, "Beau Brummell," is a beautifully mounted costume drama which neglects history for Ruritanian effects.

Re-creating the career and love life of the famous Regency dandy, the plot introduces Stewart Granger in the title role at the time when Brummell loses his Army commission and wins the interest of Peter Ustinov's plump, petulant Prince of Wales.

Granger cuts a splendid, upstanding figure in the role.

While he is sponsored by the Prince, Brummell becomes a figure of fashion and a political intriguer. His ambition is to secure the earldom that will pave the way to marriage with lovely, colorless Lady Patricia (Elizabeth Taylor).

But the failure of a scheme to have the Prince declared

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

Regent ends the Royal friendship, and Brummell gallops off to Calais, hotly pursued by his creditors.

There, years later, a long death-bed scene reconciles the erstwhile favorite and his sovereign, now George IV.

This artless historical romance was photographed in Eastmancolor in England; the scenery and sets of Regency London are superb.

Usually the film interiors provide such a feast of antique decoration as to distract the viewer's attention right away from the parade of characters passing before the cameras.

In Sydney—St. James.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL: ★ "Casanova's Big Night," technicolor comedy, starring Bob Hope, Joan Fontaine, Audrey Dalton. Plus "Lost Treasure of the Amazon," technicolor jungle adventure, starring Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.

CENTURY: ★★ "Susan Slept Here," technicolor romantic comedy, starring Debbie Reynolds, Dick Powell. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY: ★★★ "The (Little) Kidnappers," period drama, starring Adrienne Corri, Jon Whiteley, Vincent Winter. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE: ★ "The Boy From Oklahoma," Western, in WarnerColor, starring Will Rogers, jun., Nancy Olson. Plus "Superman Flies Again," adventure, starring George Reeves, Jack Larson, Noel Niel.

LYCEUM: ★ "The Golden Blade," technicolor period adventure, starring Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie. Plus "The Stand at Apache River," technicolor Western, starring Stephen McNally, Julia Adams.

LYRIC: ★ "Sorry, Wrong Number," thriller, starring Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster. Plus ★★ "The Road to Singapore," comedy with music, starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour. (Both re-releases.)

PALACE: ★★★ "Wonder Man," musical comedy, in technicolor, starring Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

PLAZA: ★ "Johnny Guitar," Western drama in color, starring Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Scott Brady. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD: ★ "Living It Up," technicolor comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh, Sheree North. Plus featurettes.

REGENT: ★ "The Egyptian," romantic religious spectacle in technicolor CinemaScope, starring Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES: ★★ "Beau Brummell," MetroScope historical romance in color, starring Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Ustinov. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY: ★★ "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," French-language comedy, starring Jacques Tati, Nathalie Pascaud. Plus featurettes.

STATE: ★★★ "The Caine Mutiny," technicolor World War II sea drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY: ★ "Turn the Key Softly," drama, starring Yvonne Mitchell, Terence Morgan. Plus ★ "The Square Ring," boxing drama, starring Robert Beatty, Kay Kendall, Jack Warner.

Films not yet reviewed

LIBERTY: ★ "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in MetroScope, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

MAYFAIR: ★ "Return to Paradise," South Sea Island adventure in technicolor, starring Gary Cooper, Barry Jones, Roberta Haynes. Plus "Forbidden Rapture," romantic drama, starring Glenn Langan, Lorraine Miller.

PARIS: Italian Film Festival. Thursday, March 17, "Carosello Napoletano" (Neapolitan Fantasy). Friday, March 18, "Tempi Nostri" (Slice of Life). Saturday, March 19, Verdi's "Aida." Monday, March 21, "La Strade" (The Road). Tuesday, March 22, "Sesto Continente" (The Blue Continent). Wednesday, March 23, "Pane, Amore e Fantasia" (Bread, Love, and Dreams).



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 23, 1955



1 INFORMAL talk with Commander Tarrant (Fredric March), left, impresses pilot Harry Brubaker (William Holden) with importance of blasting the Toko-ri bridges.



2 MESSAGE that Brubaker has ditched in the sea returning from a reconnaissance flight sends Mike Forney (Mickey Rooney), left, the cocky, courageous pilot of a helicopter rescue plane, to his aid.



3 VISIT, by special permission, of his lovely wife, Nancy (Grace Kelly), and their two small children reconciles Brubaker somewhat to so-called "police" duty in Korea.



4 ANNOYED when, soon after her arrival, her husband leaves to bail Forney out of gaol, Nancy recovers when Tarrant explains Brubaker's debt to Forney and the tough job ahead of him.



5 THAT NIGHT, when Brubaker returns, Nancy is waiting to assure him of her understanding of what his assignment means.

Korean war drama

PARAMOUNT'S version of James Michener's wartime drama "The Bridges at Toko-ri" was filmed in the Pacific and Japan. It is a story of U.S. Navy carrier-based jet pilots.

Central character is Lieut. Brubaker, a crack officer, who is at first resentful of having to leave his family and successful career to serve in Korea after having done a full measure of duty during World War II.

Eventually he comes to terms with himself.



6 BIG ATTACK is finally launched after several pre-strike missions. The bridges are destroyed, but on the way back Brubaker is shot down.



7 RESCUE BID by the gallant Forney when Brubaker has found refuge in a rice field is spiked, for Communist machine-gun fire from a nearby hill kills Forney's co-pilot and sets the helicopter on fire.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 23, 1955



8 TOGETHER, their backs to the wall and all hope of rescue gone, Brubaker and Forney go down making every bullet count against the enemy soldiers surrounding them.

Every RHEUMATIC SUFFERER should read this

4th January, 1955.

The Malgic Cream Co.

Dear Sirs:

I feel that I must write to you in grateful thanks for your Malgic Cream and the wonderful work it has done in my case.

For some years I suffered with painful rheumatism in the legs, especially in the joints. I had great difficulty in bending the legs. I tried many Treatments and none of them did me any good. I heard of your cream over the wireless. I thought it worth a trial from what I had heard and I can honestly say that after using two pots of cream I am just about free of my trouble. Very little pain and no stiffness at all. I think that is a wonderful thing for me.

I recommend your cream to all my friends. My sister-in-law is using it for her feet. This is an honest and true statement and you may use it in any way you care to.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. E. B. Hummerston.

3 Louis Street, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

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Close on a million people in Australia suffer from rheumatism. Attacking both young and old alike, rheumatism causes more pain than any other disease. Formerly, rheumatic sufferers were faced with a life of misery as there was no worthwhile treatment for relieving the pain of rheumatic conditions. Now, however, thousands are finding relief from pain with the aid of Malgic Adrenalin Cream.

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES.

The virtues of the powerful drug adrenalin have long been known to and approved by the medical profession. Now it has been discovered how to incorporate adrenalin in a massage cream with highly penetrative properties. The use of this new cream—Malgic Adrenalin Cream—has revolutionised the treatment of rheumatic troubles. A Harley Street specialist has reported in the "Medical World" successful results in treating cases of Fibrositis and Muscular Rheumatism. The ages of the patients ranged from 10 to 80 years and the length of time they had suffered from

these rheumatic complaints varied from one to twenty years. Most experienced great relief after the first application of the cream. Similarly successful results have been reported by other rheumatic specialists in England and Australia. The reason for Malgic's success is simple. Malgic carries relaxing adrenalin right into the constricted "cramped" muscle fibres which are the root cause of every rheumatic pain. The cramped-up fibres are loosened by the adrenalin in Malgic. Pain and stiffness cease. With the cause gone—the pain is gone.

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Continuing

An Alligator Named Daisy

from page 5

jumpers 'e's seen in a month of Sundays. Reel, blue-blooded pedigree jumpers they are! Reel intelligent! You tell 'im that!"

"I won't forget, dear. But mind you bring 'em along in a nice tight box."

"Course I will! Tat-tat!"

"Cheeribye."

After Mrs. Carper had gone, Sam said to Judy, "I didn't know old Jim Claverhill was still following-the-tent."

"He only trains now," she replied. "But they say when he retires for good, the fleacircus world'll be a lot poorer."

"I can well believe it!" Sam put his arm round her shoulders. "Now, listen, love, we've come to ask you if you can take in this gent and his alligator." Judy showed no surprise at this request.

"I'm pretty well booked up at the moment, but I've got an attic bedroom going spare." She glanced at Peter. "Would an attic do you, dear?"

"Yes, I should think so," he answered, being only too grateful for anywhere to sleep.

"Then let's go upstairs and have a look at it, shall we?"

They followed her up to the top of the house and into a fairly large bedroom with a small window overlooking the garden. It was hot and stuffy and there was a gurgling water-tank in one corner. At first, Peter was rather dismayed—it was so different from his comfortable airy bedroom in the flat—but he reminded himself that he was very lucky to be offered a room at all. Besides, it seemed quite clean and he saw there would be enough room for his piano.

"Yes, this'll do me," he said. "Would you mind if I brought my small piano? You see, I'm a composer."

"No, I don't mind," Judy replied. "I can tell you there's plenty of noise in this house already. Most of my boarders are in show business and they all practice here when they're resting. Mr. Humper in the room below is a comedy trombonist—makes you split sometimes the things he does with that trom; you ought to get together—he's wanting some new songs for his act. Then there's Miss Allerdice with her singing sea-lion and Mr. Cliff with his boxing kangaroo. Oh, you'll get to know 'em all in a few days."

"How much will the room be?" he asked her.

"Four quid a week, dear, and that includes breakfast, lunch, and supper and one meal a day for your alligator."

"Thanks, I'll take it!" he said promptly.

Sam nodded in approval. "You'll be very comfortable here, m'lud, and I think Daisy'll like it, too." He glanced at his watch. "Cor, I must get back to the shop; I'm expecting a chap with some fish."

After dropping Sam back at the shop, Peter drove Moira to the hostel, where she picked up her case. They had supper at a small cafe and then he saw her off on the night express to Edinburgh. For a few minutes before the train left, they stood talking on the platform.

"I always wish I'd gone to Judy Merton's boarding-house," she said. "I should think it's much more lively than the hostel."

"Why don't you move there?" he asked her.

"Perhaps I might, if I return to London."

"Shall I ask her to book you a room?"

"Well, no—everything's so uncertain at the moment."

"Please let me know which day you're coming back."

"If I turn down the job, I expect it'll be towards the end of next week."

He moved closer to her and rested his hands on her shoulders.

"Will you promise me something?"

"It depends."

"You won't suddenly run out of my life?"

Her lips twitched. "We probably won't meet again anyway after I've joined Albert."

"I'm trying to forget Albert."

"You can hardly expect me to! I had another letter from him this morning. He's building a new shack which he's going to call the Albert Hall. I shall live there one day and he's promised me a domesticated boa constrictor—a thirty-footer."

"How cosy!" Peter remarked sarcastically.

"Please don't look so sour, Peter!" she said gently. "I think you're very sweet—really I do. I've written and told Albert what fun we've had together and about meeting your lovely fiancée."

"I've told you I'm through with Melissa."

"Oh, I expect you've just had a temporary bust-up. You'll make it up."

He shook her gently. "I—am—through—with—Melissa. Get that straight!"

She laughed. "You'll probably change your mind."

PETER tightened his grip on Moira's shoulders. "Listen and I'll tell you something. One of the most exciting experiences in my life was the first time I heard the Brahms-Haydn Variations. That music enchanted and captivated me; but after the concert I tried to put it right out of my mind, because it was so different from the modern chamber music I compose. Of course I couldn't forget it, and I had to buy a record of it, which I've played hundreds of times. Moira, in a sort of way you've had the same effect on me as that piece of music—only more so. When we're together it doesn't matter what our surroundings are—for instance, that horrible little cafe where we ate this evening—or my shoddy car—or a railway platform. And it doesn't matter what we talk about either. All I know is there're moments when I'm with you—when you look into my eyes and smile the way you're doing now—which are more important to me than anything else in life."

Her lips parted slightly and her eyes were brighter than he had ever seen them. But she did not speak.

"What're you thinking?" he asked abruptly.

She shook her head slowly. "You say beautiful things about me, Peter . . . Thank you for saying them."

A shrill cry of "Take your seats, please!" cut across their conversation.

"Good-bye, Peter," she said softly, "and good luck with your music."

"Good-bye," he said in a flat tone.

She leant against him and lightly kissed him on the lips.

As she got into the carriage, he called after her, "Remember, if you don't come back, Daisy goes!"

Peter did not trouble to collect his piano from the flat.

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HOLLYWOOD stars Jeanne Crain (left) and Jane Russell, who co-star in dual roles in their own film, the technicolor CinemaScope musical, "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." The shooting was done in Europe and England.

Stars revel in new film

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

You always hear film stars groaning about the roles they are given. It makes you wonder what they would pick for themselves, if they could.

WITH Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain, you no longer have to guess. They have chosen to be their own bosses and to make a film of their own choosing.

Their choice is "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes"

For this film Jane and Jeanne formed their own company, V-R Films Ltd., and came to England armed with a script by Anita Loos, celebrated author of that recurrent best-seller "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Each has a dual role, as mother and daughter. They are sisters in the mad 'twenties, cousins in the crazy 'fifties. The film hops between then and now, orchestrated in turn by boop-a-doop and jive.

Misses Crain and Russell, in addition to dyeing their hair stark blond to play their own mothers, have let their locks down with a vengeance.

For the three months it has taken to shoot "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" an atmosphere of undiluted hilarity has reigned down on the sets at Shepperton and Elstree.

The script of this musical carries the following dictate from Anita Loos: That in the scenes where the stars are to play their own mothers, toasts of Paris and Continental society, they must be "wonderful and scandalous—and have no talent whatsoever."

Answering a studio invitation to visit the set was like turning up to the Chelsea Arts Ball, 1926 version. Streamers deluged the set. Spangles glittered. Evening-suited gents were tilting shoes to their lips and drinking champagne from them.

It was a nightclub scene and the 'twenties-style whoopee-making was deafening.

Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain, standing in spangled dresses on tables in the middle of festivities, had been given a freedom undreamed-of by

any actress tied by contract to the studio bosses. For director Richard Sale had just said to them, "Do what you like in this scene. Anything goes."

So they went into their own act, rolling their eyes, screeching the lines of "I Wanna Be Loved By You," flailing their hands, kicking their legs out over the heads of an admiring covey of seated males.

Jeanne Crain came off the set, breathless but sparkling.

"Cutting about like this gets rid of all my frustrations," she said.

"I feel kind of dizzy being able to mug as much as I want without anybody to pull me up!"

It was hard at that moment to think of her in her true-life role—the 29-year-old mother of four children, a mother so homesick for them that she cabled husband Paul Brinkman to fly them to England to be with her.

Jeanne is a natural redhead. More than once I have seen her carrot-top urchin cut flaming among the Saturday-morning shoppers at London's antique markets.

Bargain hunting

DESPITE her round eyes and innocent air she is a tough bargainer. Her latest piece of antique loot—a rare papier-mâché chess table—is a present for Paul.

Jane Russell, too, has become a curio chaser. At weekends, escorted by husband Bob Waterfield (he's also her partner in their own film production company), you can see her picking over stalls of jewellery, silver, and china.

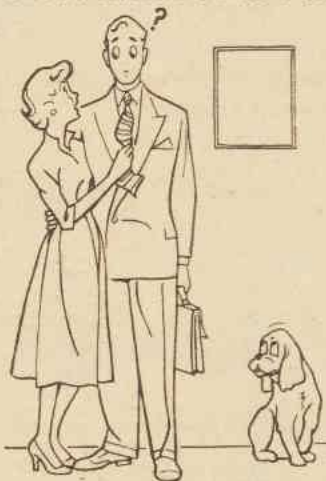
But Jane is a different creature in public.

She wears a peasant headscarf, long cloak, snow boots, and a somewhat forbidding frown to disguise her identity, for she is terrified of recognition and a swarm of fans.

The marketers know her. With tact, they pretend not to, and let Jane go her private way.



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Continuing

An Alligator Named Daisy

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as Judy Merton obligingly offered to lend him one which she kept for the benefit of impoverished singers and dance-band pianists who turned up from time to time. On Tuesday morning, it was moved to his attic bedroom and after he had it tuned he was able to get down to work without delay. During the next few days his Toccata made very rapid progress.

Daisy aroused little comment or curiosity among the other people staying in the house, for they were quite used to meeting unusual livestock in the passages or even in the bathrooms.

Miss Allerdice's sea-lion was a great favorite, except when it decided to give a rendering of "Rule Britannia" after midnight, but William the boxing kangaroo was not so popular, for he was mustard-keen on his profession and not at all fussy in his choice of sparring-partners. But if one encountered him squaring-up on the stairs, all one had to do was to knock down his gloves and tell him sharply to go back to his room; he was a very obedient animal.

Peter had intended to keep Daisy in his room, but Judy said it was a shame for her to be cooped-up all day and gave her the freedom of the back garden, where there was a small ornamental pond. The alligator settled down to a life of lazy contentment and there was no more horseplay from her.

The one person whom Peter found extremely trying was Mr. Humper, a big cheerful Canadian who practised his trombone comedy act with the greatest zeal in the room below. Several times when Peter was wrestling with an extremely intricate passage which demanded the deepest concentration, he was nearly sent mad by the extraordinary noises which came up through the floorboards.

On Friday afternoon, he was sweating at the piano in heat-wave weather when Humper burst into the room like a cyclone, brandishing his instrument.

"I got it, feller—I got it!" he shouted. "Say, can you spare me a few minutes?"

"I suppose so," Peter answered wearily.

Humper pulled up a chair beside the piano and sat astride it.

"For two whole weeks I've been racking my brains to think of a really original routine—and where have I got to?—Nowhere! Why do any of us work so hard when all we've got to do is to lie down on our beds and dream up the peppiest stuff which ever was?"

"I thought you were unusually quiet this afternoon," Peter remarked dryly.

"And why? Because after that pie Judy dished up for lunch, I couldn't keep my eyes open. So what do I do?—I flop on the bed and dream. And, oh boy, what a dream! Say, d'you sometimes dream up music?"

"I usually dream of alligators," answered Peter. "Alligators chasing me into the Paladium."

"Uh-huh. Well, maybe you've got something there—I dunno. But I'll tell you what I dreamt: I was in the jungle, see. It doesn't matter what jungle. All that matters was that I was in the middle of this big forest and I was listening to the noises made by lots and lots of wild animals. So what? you may ask."

Humper gave Peter a slap on the back which nearly knocked him off the piano stool. "When I wake up I get it! I remember the way I used to haunt the Bronx Zoo when I was a

kid and we lived in New York. Then the new act comes to me all in a flash."

"I suppose you're going to imitate wild animals?"

"Brother, move to the top of the class!" His tone became low and confidential. "This is how the act'll run now: I open against a jungle front-drop with a green spot on me; I'm wearing hunter's clothes. The drummer gives me a tom-tom break and I go straight into a hot number. Then when the applause has died down, I ask the folks out front to name any wild animal they like and I'll imitate it on the trom."

"Very original!" said Peter. "I'm sure it'll be a howling success."

"Yeah. Now let's try it out! We'll skip the opening number—that's jam—and get on to the 'pee-ace-dur-resistance'—as they say in France. Now I want you to mention any jungle animal." He raised his trombone and looked hopefully at Peter, who tried to think of some creature whose sounds are quiet and melodious.

"A love bird!"

"No, no, feller—that ain't an animal! If I started giving bird imitations I'd have to join another union."

"What about a cow, then?" Humper looked doubtful.

"Uh-huh. Let's hear it again."

Peter played a short extract from his composition, a passage in which the main theme was stated without elaboration.

"Very nice! Very nice indeed!" was Humper's verdict. "But if you don't mind me saying so, you should cut out those trilly bits and take it at a faster tempo. I'll show you what I mean."

His rendering of the melody was more than Peter could stand.

"That's enough . . . please—" he called out.

Humper stopped playing. "Doesn't it sound better?"

"Look, I'm trying to write chamber music."

"You're wasting your time, fella! There's no dough in highbrow stuff. But you give that tune the works and you'll be driving a luxury limousine in no time."

"Thanks for the advice. And now I really must get back to my work."

"Okay, be seein' you!"

Peter breathed a sigh of relief as Humper left the room, but when he returned to the difficult passage on which he had been working before the interruption, he found that all inspiration had deserted him. After half an hour or so of fruitless pounding on the

He now experienced a feeling of complete creative-sterility, but despite this he straightaway plunged into another composition—a Divertissement this time—and spent hours on end at the piano. However, after two days the only evidence of his struggle to compose another masterpiece were the torn sheets of manuscript-paper which littered his room.

By now, he realised with awful clarity the extent to which he had committed himself in allowing his fate to be so drastically influenced by an alligator and a beautiful Irish girl. If only he had behaved sensibly on that steamer and had flatly disowned Daisy from the very start, he would now still have his safe job in the stores and be living in a comfortable home. True, he would be suffering from no lesser degree of artistic frustration, but the thought of complete insolvency terrified him. He calculated that his money would last him only another three weeks at the most; the next step after that would be for him to sell his beloved car, but he was unlikely to get more than thirty or forty pounds for it. Eventually he might be forced to return home and he could think of nothing worse than having to do a "prodigal son act."

However, just in case the worst happened, he thought it might not be a bad idea to put a phone call through to the flat with the object of finding out whether his father had simmered down. He rang up in the early afternoon and Eve answered him.

"Hallo, Pete," she exclaimed. "Nice to hear your voice. How're you making out?"

"All right," he answered. "How's yourself?"

"Oh, I'm in wonderful form. A very exciting thing has happened since you left—Auntie Eunice has given Daddy a thousand pounds."

"Say that again!"

"It's true—I promise you I'm not pulling your leg. She's going into a sort of convent in Switzerland where they train St. Bernard dogs, and before she went she gave away most of her savings."

"I suppose she didn't leave me anything?"

"I'm afraid not. Just Daddy and the Furry Friends. But it's made a tremendous difference to him. Actually I don't think it's so much the money as her going."

"Yes, I can understand his feelings over that."

"He's given me two new dresses and we're going to have a cocktail party with a hired butler and all. You must come back for it."

"If I did, I should probably be thrown out as a gate-crasher."

"No, I think he'd be quite pleased to see you, so long as you didn't bring Daisy."

"Are the old folks worrying about me?"

"Heavens no! Why should they be?"

"Well, I mean having turned me out of my home . . ."

"But they didn't! Daddy just flew off the handle a bit, that's all, and you told him you were going to clear out."

"I got in first!"

"Anyway, he says he knows you'll come slinking back soon and he's put a hundred pounds on one side to help you."

"So he thinks I'm going to 'slink back,' does he? Now listen, Eve, you can tell him from me—"

"Of course I don't think that, Pete! Quite honestly I admire you tremendously for standing on your own feet. I think you're awfully brave and I



"There're all sorts of cows, I guess . . . Hey, would a bison do?"

"All right," said Peter, "but not too much of it if you don't mind."

Humper proceeded to blow a series of shattering discords which left Peter deafened and speechless.

"Okay, huh? Now I tell you what I'll do now: an alligator's mating call." He looked round the room. "Where's Daisy?"

"In the garden."

"Pity! Still, here goes!"

Peter thought that the second imitation sounded much the same as the first, but directly the appalling noise ceased, there came from the garden a series of sharp, shrill barks. Both men hurried to the window and looked out in time to see Daisy scuttling across the lawn, her head raised in an almost vertical angle.

"There's proof for you!" cried Humper excitedly. "We ought to team up, fella! That's what your dream of the Paladium was trying to tell you. I do the imitations; you stay backstage and manage the alligator and maybe provide me with a tune or two."

"No, thanks," said Peter. "I don't somehow think my music would suit your act."

"Say, how about that little number I heard you punching out this morning?"

"I expect it was part of my Toccata."

piano, he gave up trying to compose any more that afternoon. Instead, he turned to the easier task of writing to Vanhall, the celebrated violinist and impresario.

"Dear Maestro (he wrote).

"I feel it is unlikely you will remember meeting me at Lady Peaslake's cocktail party when we had an interesting discussion about Bartok, but I am a most enthusiastic admirer of your work and have noted the encouragement and sponsorship which you have given to several up-and-coming young composers of the modern school."

"For this reason I am writing to ask you if I might send you a new Toccata which I am just completing. It is composed in the 'atonal' style and completely dispenses with traditional key relationships. Should you feel able to give consideration to this work, I will post it to you at once."

"Yours sincerely, Peter Weston."

He got Vanhall's address out of the telephone directory and posted the letter that evening.

A reply came much sooner than he expected. On Monday morning he received a postcard, on the back of which was scrawled a single cryptic sentence, "Send it to me," and this was followed by Vanhall's almost indecipherable initials. By midday he had copied out the last pages of the score, and an hour later the precious manuscript was on its way to the maestro.



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Continuing

An Alligator Named Daisy

from page 57

wish I could believe in myself like you do. By the way, is the Toccata finished?"

"Yes."
"Don't forget to send me a ticket for the concert, will you?"

"I'll send you a couple. Good-bye for now, sweetie."

"Bye-bye, Pete. Look after yourself! . . . Oh, one moment! Are you still there?"

"Um?"
"Melissa's announced her engagement to Bobby Houghton-Alex, that long streak of misery in the Life Guards."

"I hope they're very happy."
He hung up and went into the garden, where Daisy was sunbathing. She rubbed her snout against his ankle and looked up at him affectionately.

"You really have put me in a spot," he muttered. "If I don't succeed now . . . well, that doesn't bear thinking about!"

On Thursday morning, he got another cryptic postcard from Vanhall. This one said, "Come and see me at ten a.m. tomorrow, 17 Burton Road, Hampstead. If you can't manage it, phone."

He would never forget the suspense of the next twenty-four hours; that night he hardly slept at all, and when he arrived at the maestro's home after a long underground journey across London, he looked pale and haggard. A manservant showed him into a beautiful study with a big bow-window overlooking a charming garden; the room was arranged with quiet though sophisticated good taste, with a Renoir hanging on the light oak panelling and an Epstein bust of Vanhall standing in a corner. The sofa and arm-chairs were upholstered in pastel green brocade which matched the heavy chenille curtains and the pile carpet.

Vanhall, wearing a dressing-gown of scarlet silk and a black stock, rose from his chair by the window. He was a man of striking appearance, his fine-boned features, his black penetrating eyes, his pointed white beard and wiry figure all contributed towards an impression of highly strung vigor coupled with discernment and poise. After shaking hands with Peter, he made a gesture towards the sofa.

"Sit down, Weston. You're rather early, but it doesn't matter." He spoke very fast with only the faintest trace of an accent, although he was French by birth.

"It's very good of you to have asked me to come and see you," said Peter nervously.

"In your case, there's a special reason."

Peter's heart leapt with excitement, but he did not say anything. Vanhall was now thumbing through a pile of manuscripts on the desk.

"I wonder where that thing of yours has got to?—I've had nineteen compositions sent me in the past week and . . . Ah, here we are!" He handed the manuscript of the Toccata across to Peter. "I must compliment you on the neatness of your score; at least I could read it and that's why you got a quick reply."

Peter took it with trembling fingers.

"Have you . . . er . . . d'you think it's any good?" he asked.

"I think it's better to be quite frank and tell you that judging it as a piece of chamber music it's very bad. Obviously you haven't had any proper training, but apart from that it shows an instinctive weakness in appreciation of this particular musical form. Personally I doubt whether

even first-class training at the Royal College of Music would do you a great deal of good. The trouble is the feeling isn't there. However, if you want to go on composing chamber music, that's your affair, and it may help you if I run through the worst technical faults in this piece—I've made a few notes."

Peter felt the bottom was falling out of his world. He hardly listened to Vanhall's biting comments on his work. He was already reduced to pulp.

When the maestro had finished speaking, he heard himself saying, "If you think it's as bad as all that, sir, then why did you ask me here?"

"Ah-ha!" Vanhall got up and offered him a cigarette. "I wanted to tell you personally that I'm charmed by the little tune you've incorporated in the first part. It's delightful and I'd like to hear it whistled by every errand-boy who calls at this house. Is it yours?"

"Yes, it came to me in about half a minute flat," said Peter dully.

"I wondered. Incidentally, I have heard one of your compositions played quite recently. I happened to be staying at the Grand Hotel at Lampton-on-Sea for my daughter's half-term and on Sunday evening the orchestra played . . . I think it was a Toccata of yours. Am I right?"

"It's very possible."

VANHALL continued, "I'm afraid a lot of people walked out and I believe there were complaints to the management. Well now, there again I was intrigued by one little snatch of quite delightful melody, and I took the trouble to ask who had written the thing. You see, what I'm trying to suggest to you is that you're an errand-boy's composer. I believe you've got the gift of melody without knowing it, and I think you should question yourself about your motives wanting to write pretentious twaddle like this Toccata. Instead of slogging away in a stuffy room—and I suspect that's what you have been doing—go out and have a good time. Enjoy yourself! And when one of those gay little tunes comes into your mind, scribble it down on the back of an envelope. Then when you get home, copy it out neatly—like you have done this Toccata—and take it along to Charing Cross Road or Shaftesbury Avenue."

"I couldn't possibly do anything like that!" Peter exclaimed abruptly.

"Then all I can say is you're a fool! Composers with the gift of melody are pretty rare these days—especially in this country. I was going to offer you an introduction to one of the big musical producers; he'd welcome you with open arms."

Peter shook his head. "I don't think you understand, maestro. I've dedicated my gifts to serious music."

Vanhall made a gesture of despair. "I see. Well, in that case I recommend you to take a three-year course at the Royal College of Music."

Peter got up and held out his hand. "Thanks for the advice, sir. Good-bye."

He left the room hating Vanhall and hating himself. At times people had said some pretty rude things about him, but never had anyone insulted

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Continuing

An Alligator Named Daisy

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him to the extent of calling him an errand-boy's composer. He suddenly felt that all his creative efforts—all his faith and confidence in himself as a composer—had, in that quiet, well-mannered room, been dealt a sledge-hammer blow which had mercilessly smashed them to smithereens.

Wretchedly, he made his way to a telephone kiosk and rang up Eve. At this moment he needed sympathy above all else.

"Can you meet me for lunch?" he asked her.

"Sorry, I'm already going out," she answered.

"Can't you put him off?"

"No, he's someone rather special. Have you had some bad news? You sound terribly off-key."

"I've had a big disappointment."

"About the Toccata?"

"Yes."

"Oh well, don't let it get you down, Pete! It's bound to be played sooner or later."

"I sent it to Vanhall and he tore it to bits."

"He could be wrong, or perhaps he's jealous. Oh, by the way, a letter came for you this morning. I think it's from that woman who runs the New Bayswater String Quartet—doesn't she write in purple ink?"

"Wilhelmina Rodin! Yes, she does. Will you open it and read it to me over the phone?"

"Okay—half a sec."

He heard her tear open an envelope, then she explained, "It's her, all right. 'Dear Mr. Weston, we are giving our next concert on July the sixteenth and would like to play your whole-tone-scale Quartet again. Perhaps you would be kind enough to let us know as soon as possible if we may do so, since we are now planning the programme. As you know, we hold your work in high esteem and regard you as a highly promising composer of the Modern School. Yours sincerely, Wilhelmina Rodin.' Oh,

that's a bit of good news for you, Pete!"

"Yes," he agreed quite cheerfully. "Thanks."

"You may find you've got a highbrow smash-hit in that Quartet."

He winced, but said, "Perhaps that Third Programme chap will be at the concert again."

"I shall bring James along."

"Who's he?"

"The man I'm lunching with today. He's terribly sweet and I shall probably marry him."

"What's he do?"

"Well, he hasn't finished his National Service yet, but he's going to be a farmer in Gloucestershire. He talks in the most fascinating way about cows and manure and pigs."

"Do Dad and Mum approve?"

"Not altogether."

"Then he must be all right. Good-bye for now, sweetie."

"Bye-bye, Pete, darling."

This conversation was a mental tonic to Peter and by the time he got back to the boarding-house he had regained a lot of his former self-confidence. He strolled through to the garden where Daisy was sunbathing and absent-mindedly stroked her back with the toe of his shoe.

"Vanhall was wrong!" he said half to himself. "He thinks he's the supreme judge of chamber music, but he's nothing of the kind! What about his last concert? Not one of the top-flight critics had a good word to say for that Scherzo of his own which he had the infernal cheek to play after Pugnani's B Flat."

Daisy winked sleepily at him. "Perhaps one or two of the things he said about my work made sense, but by and large he was talking through his hat. I'll put in another couple of days' work on the Toccata, then I'll take it along to the

Musical Director of the Third Programme."

Having made this admirable resolution, he walked back into the house. He met Humper coming downstairs.

"Hi, feller, there's a dame with a bear waiting for you up in your room."

"What?"

"No kiddin'! She waltzed in about half an hour ago and said she'd wait. I was right here when Judy let her and the bruin in."

"Moir—she's back!"

He ran upstairs two at a time and flung open the door of his room. Moira was sitting in an arm-chair reading a magazine. On the floor beside her was a small black bear who was standing on its hind legs, chewing a piece of sugar-cane.

She looked up at him radiantly and a moment later she was in his arms.

"Oh, Moira, it's good to see you!" He pushed her hair back from her forehead and kissed her again.

"Let me go now," she said. "I've important things to tell you."

Reluctantly he released her. "Where did you get this from?" he asked, nodding at the bear.

"Oh, he's a present from Edinburgh. Isn't he a dear? His name's Walter and he's going to be a tremendous help to us at the Foundation."

"But I thought it was closing down!"

"So did we all, but we've been saved at the last moment. Private enterprise has come to our rescue."

"You mean to tell me that a commercial concern has taken up one of your scatter-brained schemes?"

"Sure, I won't have you being rude!" Her cheeks colored with anger and he wanted to start kissing her again.

"Sorry, I was only joking. Tell me what's happened?"

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"I don't know that I shall now." She took another piece of sugar-cane out of a paper bag and handed it to the bear.

"Oh, come on! Don't let's start with a quarrel."

"Well . . . for the past four months the Professor has been experimenting with bees . . ."

With the greatest difficulty Peter restrained himself from making the obvious remark.

"Yes?" he said encouragingly.

Moir's tone warmed. "He didn't think he was getting anywhere until last Monday."

Then quite suddenly he realised he'd hit upon a way of enormously increasing honey production in the hive. Well, he sat up all night writing a report and the next morning he took it straight round to the research experts of the Yum-Yum Honey Corporation—that's an international organisation which covers the Western world. By midday, he had been promised a contract,

which'll take us clean out of the red, and now we should be able to carry on indefinitely with 'pure research'."

"What wonderful news!"

"Of course the Ministry of Food people are livid. They say the secret belongs to them, as we were getting a government grant, but we're certain they haven't a leg to stand on, because the Professor carried out those particular experiments in his back garden."

"So you're not taking that Edinburgh job after all?"

She shook her head. "I'm moving in here on Monday. I've just had a word with Judy and she's letting me have a room on the first floor when Miss Allertide goes off to join a circus."

"Oh, Moira, I am glad!" He took her hands in his. "I love you!" he said simply.

She gave him a quick smile and gently withdrew her hands.

"How are you getting along with Daisy these days?"

He looked bored. "Oh, I put up with her."

"You're still not fond of her?"

"Of course not!" he answered impatiently and without thinking.

"Before I came along here I called on Sam. He's just heard that the Alligator Fancy are holding their annual rally tomorrow. Shall we go to it?"

"I'm not a member."

"That doesn't matter. If we take Daisy, you'll be enrolled straight away. The yearly subscription's only five shillings and that includes the Fancy's magazine, 'The Snout.'"

"Where's the rally being held?"

"Monnerat Castle in Sussex. It's a lovely place owned by Lord Ovington, who's one of the leading members of the Fancy. It really will be exciting—some of the biggest alligators in England will be there. Then there's the Beauty

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Continuing

An Alligator Named Daisy

[from page 59]

Contest; you must enter Daisy for that."

"All right," he said. "What time do we start?"

"Oh, about twelve I should think. I'll provide the picnic this time."

"Will there be any sane people there?"

"You'll be surprised!" she answered with an enigmatic expression. Then, glancing down at the score of the Toccatina which he had dropped on the floor, she said, "Judy mentioned you'd gone off to see someone important about your music."

"Yes, but he was a wash-out."

"Didn't he like your Toccatina?"

"No."

"Well, now, that's too bad!"

"Oh, I'm not worrying all that much. He was one of those ghastly nineteenth-century reactionaries. On Monday I shall probably take the thing along to Broadcasting House and give it to the Third Programme people. You see," he explained kindly, "people like that understand what people like me are getting at. Look at Schoenberg. Look at Bartok!"

"But still it must have been very disappointing for you."

"Finding you here has made up for it." He put his arm round her shoulder and kissed the top of her head. "Moir, will you marry me?"

"Aren't you forgetting Albert?" she asked him innocently.

"Curse Albert!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, how dreadfully hurt he'd be if he knew you'd said that about him! He's written you such a friendly little note, too."

"What d'you mean?"

She opened her bag and took out a flimsy sheet of air-mail paper.

"He enclosed this for you in the letter I got this morning."

Peter read the note:

"Dear Friend—Moir has told me of your kindness to her and I do truly rejoice that she has found such solace for my absence in your company. She is a good little scout, is she not? Perhaps you can persuade her to join a choir, for when she comes out here I wish her to take her place among my head-hunting songsters, whom I have recently persuaded to don white surplises in exchange for shrunken skulls. I need hardly tell you how greatly I yearn for the moment when I carry my Loved One over the threshold of the Albert Hall. In the meantime, dear friend, you will earn my everlasting gratitude by continuing to act as her companion and mentor. With all greetings, good wishes and blessings, I am yours, very cordially, Albert Frome."

Peter stuffed the note into his pocket.

"Your fiancé strikes me as being distinctly odd," he said.

"In any case, I'm still asking you to marry me."

She shook her head quickly and looked up at him with troubled eyes.

"It's sweet of you to ask me, Peter, but I couldn't possibly let Albert down. Besides, I think you might be an awfully difficult person to live with." She paused. "I was hoping you might have begun to feel differently about Daisy."

He became angry. "For heaven's sake, can't we leave Daisy out of this conversation!"

"If you want to, but you're leaving out something which is tremendously important to you."

He withdrew his arm abruptly. "I shan't ask you again!"

"Sure, that's very sensible of you." She got up. "I must be going now. I'll see you to-morrow about twelve?"

"All right," he answered in a grumbling tone.

"You don't have to come," she said, leading the bear towards the door.

"I've said I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Peter." She gave him an amused glance over her shoulder and went out, closing the door behind her.

He started to look through the score of the Toccatina to see what improvements could be made, but he now felt much too restless to work. At about twelve-thirty, he decided to walk round to the pet shop and ask Sam to have a drink at the local.

Business was quite brisk when he arrived there. Some

gator Fancy are having their annual beano to-morrow."

"Yes—we're going to it. Car you come along, too?"

"I'd like to, but I don't think I can manage it. You'll have fun going with Moira on your own."

"That's very doubtful," said Peter gloomily. "Sam, did she say anything more to you about this fiancé of her?"

"No, the shop was pretty full when she came in—I saw her for only a minute."

"Judging by the letter he's written me, he's too frightful for words and not altogether sane."

"What's he want to write to you for?"

Peter shrugged his shoulders. "Can't think! It's all about head-hunting songsters and 'yearning' to carry Moira over the threshold of his hut, which he's called the Albert Hall."

"Pity one of them songsters don't turn his head into an Albert Memorial!"

"I couldn't agree with you more! What d'you think she sees in him?"

"Search me! I dunno what he looks like even."

"Weedy, no chin, and buck teeth. She showed me a photo of him taken by the seaside."

A sudden look of comprehension came into Sam's eyes.

"Oh! Now, that's very interesting—very interesting indeed! He wasn't by any chance wearing a bathing suit and standing in the surf?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Peter in surprise. "Then you have met him?"

"Yeah, I met him last week."

"Are you pulling my leg?"

"No, but Moira is. I don't know whether she's engaged or not, but her fiancé certainly isn't the chap in the photo she showed you. That happens to be her boss, Professor O'Hara, and she snapped it last summer when we all went down to Brighton for the day. I know he looks quite a young chap, but actually he's got a family of four bouncing daughters and I believe his wife is expecting another in a few weeks' time."

Peter was still puzzled. "But the letter! What about that?"

"Got it on you?"

"Yes." He took Albert's note out of his pocket and handed it to Sam. "It was enclosed in a letter to Moira."

Sam glanced at it and then began roaring with laughter.

"Peter, m'lud, Moira wrote this herself! She's disguised her handwriting a bit, but not much! I'd recognise it anywhere. Cor, she is a little devil, isn't she? She's pulled your leg good and proper!"

Peter swallowed the remainder of his drink and banged the glass down on the table. He was half-angry, half-relieved.

"And I've been having sleepless nights, wondering about that Albert! Sam, how do I pay her back for this?"

Sam recovered himself sufficiently to pour Peter another drink.

"If I were you," he said slowly, "I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to let her know you've discovered her little joke. Bide your time and you might be able to turn it into a boomerang."

Peter stared at him thoughtfully. "Perhaps you're right, Sam! We'll see what to-morrow brings."

Monnerat Castle was a picturesque medieval fortress which in recent years had been completely modernised by Lord Ovington, who had acquired it when he retired from the Diplomatic Service. He owned a

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children were selecting guinea-pigs, an old man was buying dog biscuits, and a shifty-looking fellow had just brought in a litter of greyhound puppies. It was ten minutes or so before Sam was free to talk to Peter.

"Now, m'lud," he said, clapping him on the shoulder, "what d'you say to a nice drop of Scotch? I won a bottle at a whist drive last night."

"I was going to suggest we had a drink at the local."

"Can't get off, mate. There'd be a riot if I closed for the dinner hour."

"In that case, I won't say no. Thanks very much."

They went through to Sam's sitting-room and he poured out the whisky.

"You mustn't mind if I have to pop back into the shop if the bell goes. Will you have it straight or with water?"

"Oh, just a drop of water, thanks," answered Peter.

"Here you are then. Cheers!"

"Your good health."

"Moir was in here about half an hour ago. I told her to let you know that the Alli-

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An Alligator Named Daisy

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fully grown Chinese alligator, named The Reluctant Dragon, who wandered freely about the beautiful lawns of the castle and sometimes could be seen swimming in the moat.

When the reptile had taken his first bath, the inhabitants of Monnerat Village had protested vigorously, for children frequently climbed down the steep banks of the moat to paddle in the shallow water, but now the majority of parents accepted him for what he was—a harmless, endearing pet who allowed toddlers to climb on his back and would eat apples and bananas out of one's hand.

On the afternoon of the Alligator Fancy's rally, he had parked himself on the side of the drawbridge to welcome members as they arrived in cars, buses, and horse-boxes containing the heavyweights. He was only about seven feet long, but much more chunky looking than the Mississippi species, with a very short snout and a high-domed forehead. His eyes were black and beady and friendly looking.

Peter, Moira, and Daisy arrived shortly before three o'clock, when Lord Ovington was to address the rally. After parking the car in the courtyard, they bought a sixpenny programme from one of Lord Ovington's sons, a young Etonian in white flannels, who also took Peter's five shillings subscription.

"That's a ripping little dragon you've got there!" he remarked, handing him a membership card.

"Thanks," said Peter. "She's a Mississippi from the Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia."

"Oh, I can see that!" retorted the boy. "I was there last year with my father. We had a glorious time."

As they walked on towards the Norman arch, which led on to the lawns, Moira said in a low voice, "You'll soon pick up the Fancy's jargon. They usually refer to alligators as 'dragons,' 'princes,' or 'princesses.'"

"Thanks for telling me," he muttered.

When they came out on to the lawns, a military band was playing selections from "The Mikado." Peter gazed round in surprise at the assembled fanciers; he had expected to see a collection of eccentrics, but the first thing to strike him was the very ordinariness of these alligator-lovers. There were young men like himself who might have passed for bank clerks on a day's outing; there were pretty girls in summer frocks; there were middle-aged men and women of all classes, and a few elderly folk who would have looked equally at home at a village flower show or a vicarage fete. They thronged the grounds, proudly parading their own pet alligators and admiring each other's, all of whom seemed quite docile.

There were a few huge reptiles scattered about the grass, but the majority were not more than six or seven feet long. They did not move about much, being content to doze in the brilliant sunshine with half-closed eyes. Nearly all of them had collars and leads, but of course there were no muzzles. In the background of this picturesque scene were flower beds, crowded with roses and multi-colored lupins, and beyond the grey bulk of the turreted castle.

Peter was amazed. "Was it like this last year?" he asked Moira.

"There weren't nearly so many people—or alligators," she answered. "It's amazing how popular they're becoming as pets. I suppose in about twenty years' time England'll be swarming with them. The other day, the Professor was saying that he thinks they'll become indigenous eventually."

"That should be a stimulus to migration, anyway."

"I don't know. I think there's something rather attractive about the thought of an alligator in every village pond."

"Did you come here last year with Albert?"

"Yes, he's wonderful with alligators. We must write and tell him all about to-day."

Peter saw Mr. Hallow approaching and said quickly, "Here's my bank manager."

Mr. Hallow came up beaming with pleasure.

"My dear fellow," he said, "how grand to see you here! And Daisy, too! She's looking in splendid condition."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hallow," said Peter. "Can I introduce Miss O'Shannon?"

"How d'you do!" Mr. Hallow shook hands with Moira.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Hallow," smiled Moira. "On the way down, Peter was telling me about your beautiful Percy. Is he here this afternoon?"

"Ah no, unfortunately not. You see the difficulty is that he's meant to be a sort of surprise for bank-robbers and so we can't let him be seen about too much. The whole question was gone into most thoroughly at the last board meeting and it was decided that he mustn't make public appearances—the wrong sort of people might realise that he's just a sentimental old dear."

"I'd love to see him sometime!"

"Any time—any time at all! Alligator fanciers are always welcome in my bank."

She laughed. "I think I must transfer my account to it."

"My dear, why not?" He winked at her and added slyly, "When it comes to overdrafts, I'm an old softy with alligator fanciers."

Meanwhile, several people were showing a keen interest in Daisy.

"Quite a little princess, isn't she!" remarked an elderly man in a blue suit and a Panama hat who was standing beside Peter. "She ought to win something in the Beauty Contest after tea. What class have you entered her for?"

Peter looked doubtful, but Moira answered promptly,

"We're going to put her in the Mississippi females under five feet."

The man stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Yes, I can see she might get away with it, but don't forget Amber—she's here this afternoon."

"I don't think she'll stand up to Daisy," said Mr. Hallow with a shake of his head.

"Oh, I don't know—she's pretty cute!" said the man.

"What about your dragon?" asked Moira, looking down at an eighteen-foot monster who was now eyeing Daisy with some interest.

"I've entered Toby for the Intelligence Class."

At this moment, a loud fanfare of trumpets sounded and Lord Ovington, a tall, good-looking man with a trim cavalry moustache, stepped on to a wooden platform. He addressed the gathering through a microphone: "Fellow fanciers, may I have your attention!"

The general conversation died down, and apart from the occasional bark of an alligator, there was silence.

"First, I should like to welcome you all and particularly those new members who are here for the first time. For their benefit, I should explain that the main object of these rallies is to exchange views about THE PET, and I'm sure we are going to have an enjoyable and instructive afternoon. This has been an outstanding year for our Fancy, with an increase of nineteen in our membership. I'm certain that before long we are going to have an even larger membership than the Scottish Fancy, who seem to be flourishing so vigorously on the banks of Loch Ness. This telegram has just been received from their President, Sir Douglas McGonagall: 'Best wishes for a successful meeting. English alligators visiting Scotland will always find a warm welcome in the Loch.' Well, those of us who are going on holiday to Scotland this year will bear that kind message in mind."



"It's a cinch for our man with Finnegan operating the crane."

"Now I have a piece of quite exciting news, which, unfortunately, was too late for inclusion in the last issue of 'The Snout': our old friend, Mr. Harbing, of Guildford, has succeeded in hatching a clutch of eggs from his Chinese princess, Angelica—"

Here, the address was interrupted by polite applause.

"Mr. Harbing regrets he is unable to be with us to-day, but is having some difficulty in connection with his council house."

Lord Ovington glanced at some notes and continued: "I'm afraid all our news is not good news, and many of us are disturbed by the increasingly large numbers of crocodiles which are being imported. We have drawn the attention of the Board of Trade to this very dangerous situation, and also representations are being made at a high level to the United States Government in the hope that more Mississippi will be sent to this country. But, in the meantime, I think it's our

duty to warn all prospective fanciers that they cannot be too careful in the choice of a pet—especially if there are young children in the home. As all of us here know, to the inexperienced eye there is not a great deal of difference in appearance between the alligator and some crocodiles. But, as we also know, there is a wealth of difference in temperament."

"And now, fanciers, I want to introduce to you a very distinguished guest who is staying with me for a few days, Mr. Henry G. Rhoades, of New York."

A burly, middle-aged man, wearing a beige suit and bright yellow tie embroidered with green alligators, got up on the platform amid great applause. Smiling broadly, he adjusted his steel-rimmed glasses.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm very happy to be here this

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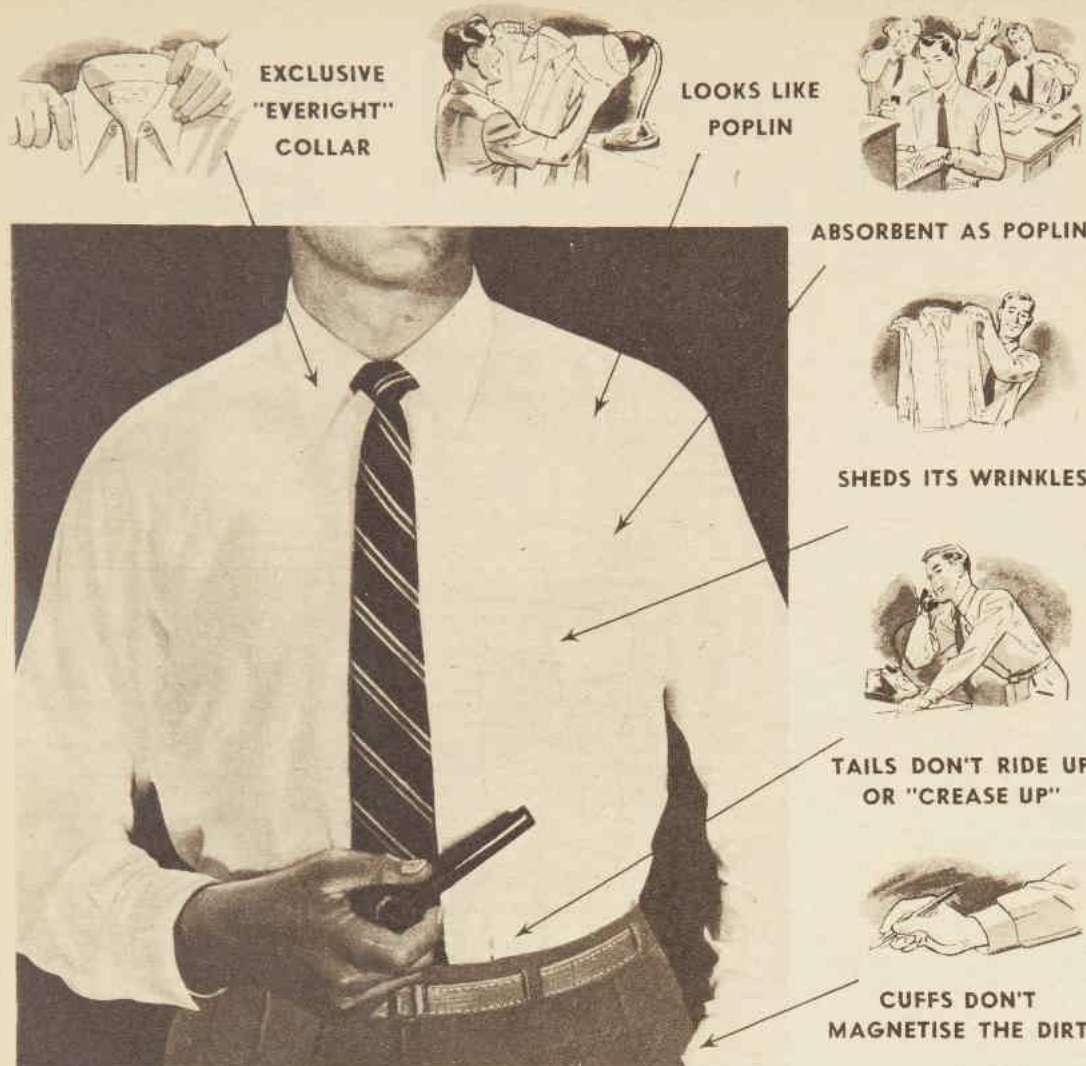
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Continuing . . .

An Alligator Named Daisy

from page 61

afternoon and I bring you greetings from the New England Alligator Club. It's just grand to see so many beautiful dragons around. If we had an international show, I guess the judges would find it pretty tough selecting the winners. I hope we will have a get-together one day; Mississippi alligators can already be counted as ambassadors of good-will from my country to yours and in the future they may play an increasingly important part in strengthening the bonds of friendship that already exist between our two great nations. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen."

Mr. Rhoades raised his hand and got down from the platform amid loud clapping.

"His name's vaguely familiar to me," said Peter, "but I'm sure it's not in connection with alligators."

"I've never heard of him before," said Moira.

Once again, Lord Ovington addressed the assembly.

"And now one of our best-known members is going to have a word with you—The Bishop of Clandon."

More applause followed, as a stout, elderly cleric with an ingenious pink face and a bald head ascended the platform steps. He spoke in rather a sing-song voice and kept his hands clasped behind the tails of his black bishop's coat.

"My friends, what fun it is to be among you!" He paused, beaming at his audience over the top of his glasses. "For once in a while, my little Janice, whom I've brought with me, feels really at home. How well I remember the day nearly twenty years ago when Janice and I met for the first time while I was strolling through my parish on the banks of the Yangtze-Kiang, deep in meditation. I had recently lost my curate and was feeling both sad and lonely. Then lo, quite suddenly I spied my little friend-to-be gambolling by herself in the bulrushes. From that day to this we have never been parted. And what a jolly little companion she has been to me for all these years!"

Once again applause broke out.

"But, of course, there's the more serious aspect of being an alligator owner; I refer to the enlightenment which they can bring into the lives of others. If only it weren't so difficult to make some good people see the attraction of our scaly friends! When they express feelings of alarm and despondency about our pets, if only we could make them realise that they are in reality expressing those same feelings about a part of themselves! I tell them, 'We all have our alligators—those hidden thoughts and feelings which we won't allow to become conscious but which still cry out for self-expression.' But usually they turn away, shaking their heads, afraid to look into their own hearts."

A short pensive silence descended on the Bishop, then he looked up with a smile. "Well, my friends, I haven't come here to preach a sermon. Good luck to you all and let's have a jolly good beano this afternoon!"

That was the end of the speech-making. The band struck up "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" and people began drifting across to the tea-tent, leading or carrying their pets with them. The consumption of food must have been enormous, for most of the reptiles seemed partial to sandwiches and cakes. Within twenty minutes there was not a crumb left.

After tea came the most important part of the proceedings—the Beauty Contest. So far as Peter was concerned, there was a completely unexpected feature about this: on one of the ramparts of the castle, a big glass prism and reflector had been erected, and before each class was judged, the entrants were lightly sprayed with water from a hose-pipe. The prism, catching the sun's rays, flung a spectrum on to the reptiles as they passed the judges' stand, with the result that the drops of water on their scales flashed with every color of the rainbow and they looked as though they were covered with hundreds of magnificent jewels. Displayed in this way, the alligators really did become objects of astounding beauty.

Peter found himself getting strangely excited when the time came for Daisy's class to be judged. He could not help hoping with all his heart that the little alligator would win something. She was at the top of her form that afternoon and kept rubbing her snout against his ankle and looking up at him affectionately.

WHEN at length Daisy trotted past the judges' stand, her scales ablaze with crimson, emerald, sapphire, and golden lights, spontaneous applause broke out among the Fancy. Peter heard such comments as: "Just look at the way she's holding her head; what pride!"—"My word, that princess has beautiful eyes!"—"A bewitching little dragon!"

But there was strong competition in this class. In particular, an enchanting reptile, named Amber, also got a great deal of applause. She was about a foot longer than Daisy and a real little minx with a fetching way of tossing her tail in the air and tilting her head on one side. She was owned by a writer who had originally purchased her to get authentic details for a story, and was now so devoted to the little pet that he found himself unable to part with her, despite the fact that the Inspector of Income Tax had refused to continue subsidising her upkeep as a necessary business expense.

Peter had a few words with him, and the two alligators quickly made friends, rubbing their snouts together and snapping playfully.

"It looks as though it's going to be a pretty close thing," said the writer. "I think your Daisy showed more color than Amber."

Peter was about to retort, "And she certainly doesn't look such a tart!" but checked himself.

"Oh, I don't know," he said politely. "Amber's tail was quite dazzling. She really is a most glamorous princess."

The two owners stared tensely at the judges, who were now comparing notes and arguing in low voices.

"This is a strain," remarked the writer. "Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks," said Peter. His mouth was too dry to want to smoke.

"I'm taking Amber to America next month; I'm hoping to show her at the New England Club's September Meeting."

"I suppose the competition over there's pretty stiff?"

"Well, of course, they've got the pick, but personally I

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think either Amber or Daisy would give them a run for their money. It's one of my greatest ambitions to bring the Okefenokee Gold Challenge Cup to Britain." He suddenly gripped Peter's arm. "Look—they've made up their minds! I think the result's going to be given out now."

Lord Ovington stepped up to the microphone and a hush fell on the spectators.

"The last class was extremely hard to judge," he announced, "and we've had the greatest difficulty in picking the winner. The Princesses Amber and Daisy both undoubtedly possess exceptional charm and their beauty was evenly matched. We therefore had to fall back on the last of the judging points set forth in the official Rules of the Fancy—I refer to 'de-meanor.' In this respect we felt that Amber, although her manner was gay and frisky, could not quite equal the radiant dignity of Daisy. And so, fanciers, I declare Daisy the winner, while highly commending Amber's charming coquetry."

Loud cheers greeted this decision and Daisy applauded her own victory with a series of sharp barks.

The writer tried to smile bravely, but one could see that he was very deeply hit by the decision.

"Congratulations!" he said, shaking Peter's hand. "It was a well-deserved win."

"Thank you very much," answered Peter, "but, like a boxing contest, the verdict might have been quite different under American rules."

The writer pretended not to look pleased.

"Perhaps," he said. "Who can tell? Anyhow, I hope one day we'll meet at the September Meeting." Followed by his pet, he slipped quietly away as other people clustered round Peter and Daisy to offer their congratulations. Peter found himself blushing with pride and pleasure.

Lord Ovington came down from the stand and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Mr. Weston, I do most heartily congratulate you!" he

Continuing . . . An Alligator Named Daisy

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said in an emotional tone. "Of course you've got a perfect specimen, but apart from her looks she's in magnificent condition. You've obviously taken an immense amount of trouble with her scales."

"Oh, not really!" Peter answered modestly. He had not felt so gratified since he won the first prize for music at his school.

Moirs slipped her arm through his and said to Lord Ovington, "Sure, he's sacrificed everything for Daisy."

"I'd like to hear more about her," Lord Ovington looked hopeful. "I say, we've asked a few people to stay on for a small dance we're giving in the castle this evening. Can you stay, too?"

"It's very kind of you," replied Peter, "but I'm afraid we haven't got any evening clothes with us."

"Oh, we're not changing; it's just an informal hop."

Peter looked at Moira.

"What do you think?"

"I'd love to!" she answered.

"Good show!" exclaimed Lord Ovington. "You won't have to worry about Daisy; we'll put her in the moat with The Reluctant Dragon."

"D'you think she'll be—well, quite safe?" Peter asked somewhat doubtfully.

Lord Ovington raised an eyebrow and Peter at once realised he had committed a social gaff.

"I'm afraid I'm much too fussy about whom Daisy meets," he added hastily.

"The Reluctant Dragon is probably the most chivalrous alligator between here and Loch Ness," Lord Ovington remarked a trifle coldly. "He has never been known to bite a princess."

"Of course Daisy'll be quite safe with him," exclaimed Moira. "She may not have such a roving eye as Amber, but I'm certain she'd love to spend a few hours with such a handsome beau as The Reluctant Dragon."

Lord Ovington seemed mollified.

"I think she'll have a good

time," he said. "As soon as the Rally is over, I'll get The Reluctant Dragon to take her down to the moat for a swim—I think that'll be the best way of breaking the ice."

It was after six o'clock when the two alligators lumbered down the steep bank of the moat, followed by their owners and Moira. With a little yelp of pleasure, Daisy splashed into the water and streaked across to the far bank. For a few moments she hid coily in some

snout into a hole in the bank and pulled out a hunk of liver which he promptly gave to Daisy.

"Of course that surprises even me!" Lord Ovington declared delightedly. "You see, that's his secret food store. He's been saving up that piece of liver for at least a fortnight as a special treat for a wet day."

"But won't it poison them?" exclaimed Peter, his anxiety rising again.

Lord Ovington looked at him oddly.

"You've still got a lot to

Lord Ovington nodded. "Well, I think we can leave them to enjoy themselves. Let's go and have a drink. My daughters have just invented a new cocktail which I expect they'll want you to try—they've named it 'Percy's Bite.'"

He took them into the castle drawing-room, where they were plied with a golden-brown concoction warranted to put everyone in the best possible form for the evening's festivities.

When dusk fell, the castle was floodlit and dance music floated out from the refectory-hall across the lawns, which were now clear of alligators and fanciers. Somewhere down in the moat an occasional splash and a bark could be heard as The Reluctant Dragon and Daisy romped together.

Peter and Moira, seeking a breath of fresh air, came out on to a parapet and leant over the thick balustrade.

"You know, I must admit I'm becoming very fond of Daisy," he murmured. "She's so gentle and sweet and full of fun—one just can't help loving her."

"But you still don't see what she stands for!" said Moira, with a little sigh.

"No," he agreed. "But I'll tell you something about her which has puzzled me. Most adults have been scared of her, but children seem to show no fear of her at all. Remember that lecture of yours? And I admit that when I was a kid, I used to love the alligators at the zoo." He looked thoughtful.

"Perhaps as one grows up, the alligator becomes a sort of symbol, because it's ugly and crawly and one doesn't realise that it's got a different temperament to a crocodile. What I mean is that a lot of people, myself included, may project on to it the emotions they've experienced in unpleasant situations. I'm wondering . . . could there be something I've kind of forgotten-about-on-purpose which, like Daisy, keeps trying

to assert itself in my life and won't die?"

"I wouldn't be knowing. Sure, it's up to you to answer that question, Peter."

"I'm thinking of my music now. I can't remember if I told you that I never wanted to compose highbrow stuff until I came out of that military hospital. It wasn't a bad dump, but I had a lot of pain and I was in a ward with two jazz fiends. Every scrap of jazz on the radio was played at full blast and it nearly drove me crazy! I can't tell you how much I detested that blaring radio! It killed all my longing to compose the type of light, happy music which I'd enjoyed playing and listening to before."

"It didn't kill it," she said slowly. "It merely made you 'forget-it-on-purpose' to use your own expression. Don't you see, Peter, that longing you stifled has been your personal 'alligator'!"

"So what?" His tone was half-defiant, half-excited.

"We're going back into the hall and you're going to sit down at the piano and play as you've never played in all your life!"

Ten minutes later, the great hammer-beamed refectory-hall echoed with the tune from the Toccata, played with a gay abandon which had Lord Ovington's guests tapping their feet after the first refrain. And then after a momentary hesitation he found himself playing other tunes, which, like that first one, came from nowhere.

A great load seemed to be slipping from his shoulders; he was carefree, filled with a lyrical happiness in the knowledge that he had rediscovered his own real potentialities, and with them, his soul. New-born confidence surged through him, bringing a quite unexpected strength into his features and a light of sheer joy into his eyes, as one tune followed another in a glittering cascade of improvisation. He was kept at the piano for half an hour. When at last he was allowed to get up, the first person to ad-

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reeds, then suddenly darted out in a playful attack on her companion. She was much the faster of the two—it was a case of destroyer against a battleship—but the Chinese alligator countered her attack with surprising gentleness.

"Oh, she's adoring it!" exclaimed Moira. "Peter, have you ever seen a happier sight?"

"They certainly seem to be getting along together pretty well," he admitted.

Any remaining doubts which he had were dispelled a few seconds later when The Reluctant Dragon thrust his

learn about our scaly friends! They much prefer food which is rank bad and it's far better for them. Unfortunately, it's only in conditions such as I have here that one can let them keep food until it turns putrid. In the normal household one simply can't permit pieces of rotting fish and meat to lie about the place."

Moira explained quickly, "Peter has only just become a subscriber to 'The Snout.' He didn't see that tremendously interesting article you wrote about the therapeutic value of decomposing flesh."



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dress him was Mr. Henry G. Rhoades.

"That was great! Just great! Could we have a little talk right now, Mr. Weston?"

"Well . . ." said Peter, looking round for Moira. "I've got the next dance with someone."

"I won't keep you a minute."

"All right."

Mr. Rhoades led him into a corner.

"I don't know if you've heard of me," he began, "but I'm in show business."

"Oh yes, of course, that's it!" exclaimed Peter. "I knew your name, but I couldn't think in what connection."

"Now this is what I want to tell you . . ." Mr. Rhoades lowered his voice to a confidential murmur. "In a few months' time, I'm aiming to stage a new musical called 'Okfenokee.' It'll open cold on Broadway and it's going to be the most spectacular show New York has seen for years. Big star names—wonderful sets—forty of the most beautiful show girls in New York—and ten of the biggest alligators from the Deep South. But the most important thing is the music. Maybe you can help us there." He gave Peter a pat on the back. "Okay, son, that's all. I'm not keeping you any longer from your pretty Irish girl-friend. Call me at the Savoy on Monday and we'll fix a lunch date."

Once again Peter and Moira stood at the parapet, resting their elbows on the balustrade. Dawn was breaking and the sky above them was tinged with flame. For a minute or so neither of them spoke.

"What're you thinking?" Moira asked at last.

"Just what sort of a stuck-up dope you must have thought I was at one time and another . . . The things I said to you about that ghastly tripe I wrote . . . My smootiness after that youth club incident . . . The way I talked about Daisy. It makes me squirm just remembering them now, and I actually had the nerve to make rude remarks about Albert!"

"Peter, I want to talk to

you about Albert," she said thoughtfully.

"Yes?"

"I'd like you to get to know him well."

"I'm going to write to him. I'm sure he'll make a wonderful pen pal."

She bit her lip and glanced at him quickly.

"What're you going to say?"

"Oh—I'll just congratulate him on capturing you and wish him happy hunting with the Head Hunters."

"Is that all?"

"Well, I'll probably tell him he can rely on me to try to persuade you to join a choir. Also I shall mention that I'm going to keep a careful watch on your moral welfare until he comes home."

"You don't mean that seriously?" There was a trace of anxiety in her voice.

"Certainly I do! I've changed."

"Oh!"

"From now on our friendship's going to be strictly platonic. I should feel an utter cad trying to steal a missionary's girl."

Suddenly she gave a little, choking sob. "Oh, Peter, that's not at all what I want! Listen, I'll tell you more about Albert."

It was the first time he had seen her in an unhappy mood and his whole heart went out to her.

"You don't have to!" he said quietly and put his arm round her shoulders. "Let's stop pretending. I know Albert's a phony—Sam told me."

"But he isn't!" she exclaimed dismally.

"What?" Peter turned to her, his face a picture of dismay.

"But Sam said—"

"Sam thinks he knows everything about me, but he doesn't. I've never told him about Albert."

"You mean to say he really is a missionary and you're engaged to him?"

"I'm married to him."

Peter drew a deep breath. "Now, look here, Moira, I'm

Continuing . . . An Alligator Named Daisy

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not standing for any more nonsense—"

"It isn't nonsense! If only you'd listen, I'd explain."

"Well, hurry up, because I'm about to have a heart attack."

"I've told you—or actually I may not have done—that I've six brothers—"

"I don't care how many brothers you have!" Peter interrupted impatiently. "It's husbands I'm interested in."

"Oh, do let me explain in my own way! . . . I was brought up in a family of boys and I can tell you they were pretty tough ones. Sure I loved them all, and still do. We had some fine times! We all went to the same school, we played together and fought together, and we shared the same rewards and punishments and secrets. But there's one secret I've always kept to myself . . . I called him 'Albert.'"

She gave a long sentimental sigh. "Albert's always been as gentle as a lamb; he's kind and considerate; he's weak and he needs protecting; no matter how rude one is to him, he never hits back; he makes love

but stops the moment there's any sign of ugly passion arising; he's full of lofty aspirations; he hates fighting and he's never come near to breaking any of the Ten Commandments . . . Albert's so different to any other man I've ever met—he's just wonderful!"

Peter's profound relief expressed itself in a low chuckle. "In fact, Albert is your personal 'alligator,'" he said.

She turned her head slowly and looked at him.

"Yes—I suppose he is," she answered softly. "How strange! I've never thought of him in that way. How did you guess?"

"Because no living man could be quite such a drip as you've made him out to be. I'll define him more clearly: he represents that part of your personality which has cried out for more femininity in your life and got fed up with so many tough guys around all the time."

There was a long pause, and then she said, "Sure, that's about it . . . But that doesn't alter things; he's still very much alive within me."

Latest Georgette Heyer novel as our new serial

AGAIN we announce with pleasure that our new serial is the latest novel by one of today's most popular and outstanding authors. This time it is "BATH TANGLE," by Georgette Heyer, first instalment of which will appear in next week's issue.

Georgette Heyer has long been hailed as the past mistress of romantic period novels. This one, set in her favorite Regency period, has all her typical ingredients of lively romance and hectic complications, moving off to a very brisk start when beautiful, high-spirited Serena learns to her dismay that her father's will has left her subject to the authority of the man she most resents—her ex-fiance, the Marquis of Rotherham.

It can be well assumed that no typical Heyer heroine will take such a provision calmly or meekly and a feast of highly diverting romantic reading follows.

Look forward to enjoying the long opening instalment next week.

"Would you like him to die?"

"No—that's the awful part. I've told you—I think he's wonderful and I feel sort of married to him."

"Well, in that case, you're in for a pretty speedy divorce!"

On previous occasions when he had taken her in his arms, he had done so in a rough, imperious way. But this time it was quite different. The pressure of his hands on the small of her back was even and very firm, yet gentle, too, as he pulled her against him. The soft breeze of early morning, stealing in over the battlements, seemed to draw them closer together, and now for the first time she realised how greatly he had changed. She raised her face to his and almost cried out in wonder at the strong, undemanding touch of his lips.

Instinctively, Peter knew that Albert had met with sudden death, for he sensed the swift and subtle transformation of Moira's temperament. She was no longer just a pretty young hoyden; she had reached maturity.

Later, as they strolled across the dew-silvered lawn, she said, "Peter, we've got to think of Daisy." She spoke with rather an effort. "We're both terribly fond of her, but I'm wondering if it would be best to leave her here."

"What on earth makes you suggest a thing like that?" he exclaimed. "Why—why, it's unthinkable."

"Lord Ovington had a talk to me about her. He's crazy to have her."

"He probably is, and I couldn't care less."

"Of course I said you'd never part with her, but . . . well, seriously, don't you think it would be kinder to her?"

"No! She'd miss us dreadfully."

"I expect she would for a time, but we must look at the problem in a practical light; if you're writing musical shows in New York and everything, we're bound to be travelling a

lot in the near future. And first there's our honeymoon; I don't see that we can take Daisy on that."

"The idea of parting with her is quite out of the question!" he said shortly.

"But think what a wonderful time she'd have here! The Reluctant Dragon's obviously fallen for her completely, and in the winter there's a heated plunge-bath for them in the dungeons with sun-lamps overhead. Then there's the question of food: we'll never be able to give her the bad food she needs to make her grow into a beautiful, adult princess. Much as I love her, I don't think I could put up with pieces of rotting meat lying about my sitting-room—and besides, it wouldn't be good for our children."

He saw the practical commonsense in her argument, but he still revolted at the suggestion of parting with the little alligator whom he had come to love.

"Let's go and have a look at her," he said.

They descended a flight of stone steps at the end of the lawn. When they came to the edge of the moat, which was very misty in the half-light of early morning, they could just discern the forms of Daisy and The Reluctant Dragon lying side by side in the water like newly sawn pine logs.

"Daisy!" he called.

She raised her head and then glided swiftly across to the bank. He bent down and tickled her neck.

"Are you ready to go home?" he asked her.

At this moment, The Reluctant Dragon raised his head and gave a deep-throated bark. Daisy turned her head towards him, then back to Peter. He could see the expression of anguish in her eyes. He gave her snout a gentle pat and put her back in the water.

As she swam slowly away into the swirling white mist, he raised his hand and called softly: "Good-bye, Daisy . . . and thanks for everything!"

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DANGER!

Flies carry disease . . .

Flies leave dirt and germs wherever they go. That is why Health Authorities have issued the warning that

flies should be killed as soon as they appear.

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CORN 'N' CHICKEN

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● *Steaming hot corn dripping with butter is a colorful full-flavored vegetable. Paired with chicken or pork, left-over meat or tinned luncheon meat it becomes a hearty main dish for dinner.*

STRIPPED from the cob, or turned out of a tin, golden whole-kernel corn is a valuable but inexpensive ingredient in cooking.

Eaten straight from the cob, young golden corn is delicious with a lavish spread of butter and a dusting of pepper.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

GOLDEN CORN

(This sweet, succulent vegetable is a perennial favorite in America—it is nearly always served with chicken Maryland, either on the cob or in the form of corn fritters.)

Small, young cobs of golden corn, with water, salt, butter, pepper.

Remove outer covering and silk from the corn-cobs, cut into convenient-sized pieces. Drop into boiling water and cook without salt for 15 to 20 minutes, according to age and size of corn. Add salt for last 5 minutes' cooking time—it has a toughening effect if added earlier. Drain, coat liberally with melted butter and sprinkle with pepper. Corn cooked this way is eaten off the cob held in the fingers, or small savory forks may be used to hold the portions of corn.

CORN FRITTERS

(To serve with fried chicken.)

One cup cooked corn cut from the cob, or use tinned whole-kernel corn, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon butter.

Mix corn with beaten eggs, flour, baking powder, salt, and pepper.

Melt butter in pan, add a spoonful of the corn batter when the butter is very hot and allow the fritters to brown well underneath before turning to brown other side. Lift out on to clean kitchen paper to drain, serve immediately.

PERFECT FRIED CHICKEN

(The secret of the rich, golden-brown color lies in the generous quantity of paprika used in the covering.)

One cup flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons paprika, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, 1 steamed chicken, cut into joints.

Mix flour, paprika, and salt, rub well into the surface of the chicken with the hands. Place on a rack or cooler to dry out before frying. Heat fat in heavy frying-pan, using sufficient fat to give a depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. when melted. When fat is sufficiently hot to sizzle a drop of water place the larger chicken joints in and reduce heat gradually when browning starts. Do not overcrowd the pan. Turn 2 or 3 times during

cooking, using a knife and spoon or tongs to avoid piercing the covering. Add 2 or 3 tablespoons water to the pan when all joints are browned, cover and simmer very gently until chicken is quite tender, about 15 to 20 minutes. If a small, young chicken is available it may be possible to fry the joints without steaming them first—in this case allow 50 to 60 minutes' simmering time in a covered pan. Remove cover of pan for last 15 minutes' cooking time to restore crispness.

NEW-STYLE POTATO SALAD

(Potato salad is always popular—made this way and served with fried chicken, or any meat you choose, it is something to remember.)

Six medium-sized potatoes, cooked in their jackets, then peeled and sliced, 1 medium-sized chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped, unpeeled green cucumber, salt and pepper, mayonnaise, 2 hard-boiled eggs, lettuce leaves, chopped mint or parsley.

Line serving-dish or salad bowl with lettuce leaves, arrange layers of sliced potato in the dish, sprinkling each layer with onion, celery, cucumber, salt, pepper, a little mint or parsley, and mayonnaise. Garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg.

CORN-STUFFED PORK CHOPS

(Just the thing to serve instead of a week-end joint.)

Four or five pork chops cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked corn cut from the cob, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, fat for baking, 2 tablespoons flour.

Have pockets cut in the chops. Combine corn, salt, pepper, melted butter, breadcrumbs, celery, and parsley. Fill into pockets in chops, sew up with coarse thread (leaving an end to pull thread out after cooking) or fasten with cocktail sticks.

CORN AND CHICKEN are good companions especially when the chicken is fried as illustrated above. Potato salad, peas, sauteed pineapple, and grilled tomatoes complete the menu.

Coat with flour and paprika. Brown on both sides in hot fat. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, cover, and cook over low heat 1 hour, or omit water and bake in moderate oven.

SAUTEED PINEAPPLE

(This is a "must" with fried chicken of any kind.)

Pineapple slices, flour, salt, paprika, butter or bacon fat, brown sugar, parsley.

Cut pineapple slices in halves, dip them in flour flavored with salt and paprika. Saute in melted butter or bacon fat for 2 or 3 minutes on either side. After turning the slices sprinkle them with brown sugar. Serve very hot, garnish with parsley.

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CRUSHED BUTTERSCOTCH sprinkled over the top of this prize-winning apple sweet gives a delicious flavor. The sweet may be served with or without cream. See recipe below.

PRIZE RECIPES

A delicious apple butterscotch dessert to be served either hot or cold wins this week's main cookery prize of £5.

RECIPES of all types are welcome in this popular weekly contest. Send your entries to "Recipe Contest," Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney.

Include full name, address, and the State on every page.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level—to simplify judging use level spoon measurements in your entries.

APPLE BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

Four green apples, 2 table-spoons sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon and ½ orange, 2 table-spoons butter, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup extra sugar, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, 3oz. butterscotch. Peel apples, slice thinly;

place on flat plate, sprinkle with sugar, grated lemon and orange rinds. Melt butter, add crumbs. Stir over low heat until crumbs absorb butter. Place half the crumbs in greased ovenware dish, add ½ of the apples. Sprinkle with half the extra sugar mixed with the nutmeg and cinnamon. Add half the remaining crumbs, then another layer of apples. Pour over the lemon and orange juices, cover with balance of crumbs. Cover and bake 45 minutes in moderate oven. Sprinkle top with finely crushed butterscotch, place in hot oven until butterscotch is slightly melted. Serve hot or cold, with or without cream.

First Prize of £5 to Miss P. Dunlop, Room 2, 12 Castle-reagh St., Sydney.

EAST INDIA PRESERVE

Four small lemons, 1 pint water, 3lb. green tomatoes, 3lb. sugar, 1 small jar preserved ginger in syrup, 3 slices crystallised pineapple.

Slice lemons thinly, remove seeds, cover with the water and stand overnight. Next day simmer until tender. Chop tomatoes (skinned if desired), add to lemon and water with sugar and simmer 10 minutes. Cut ginger into thin slices and pineapple into thin strips the length of a match. Add to tomato mixture with the ginger syrup and simmer until tomatoes are very soft. Bottle as usual, leave in a cool place 6 weeks before using.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Collins, 582 Drummond St., North Carlton, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

Luxury dish

Leg of lamb boulangerie

"Most housewives who buy a joint of lamb for Sunday dinner just put it in the oven and cook it with dripping," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club.

"HERE is a suggestion for a different way of cooking, which, I think, improves the meat. The cost is very little and the result is a very tasty dish."

Roast the leg or shoulder of lamb in one cup butter for 45 minutes, then remove it from the dish.

Pour off the butter and put in the pan 8 to 10 potatoes cut in slices of medium thickness, 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, and a little pepper.

Place a spoon of butter on the potatoes and set the lamb on top of the potatoes.

Add 2 cups of stock (or water if stock is not available), bring to the boil on top of the stove, then return to the oven and bake 45 minutes or 1 hour longer.

If the potatoes dry too much, add a little more water or stock. Small onions can be added, the onions being cooked separately in butter with a little salt and pepper and then mixed with the potatoes. Serve very hot.

CROQUETTES made with veal steak and flavored with ham make this week's family dish, which costs 7/3 and serves four or five.

For warm-weather service try these croquettes cold with potato salad and other salad accessories.

VEAL CROQUETTES

One and a half pounds veal steak, 2 slices onion, 2 bacon rinds, salt, thin piece lemon rind, ¼ cup water, ½ pint thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 2oz. cooked ham, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, flour, egg and milk and breadcrumbs for covering.

Cook steak with onion slices, bacon rind, salt, lemon rind, and water in pressure-cooker 15 to 20 minutes until tender or in large saucepan until tender. Drain, mince or dice meat finely. Add sauce, chopped onion, chopped ham, parsley, salt and pepper, mix well. Shape into croquettes, coat with seasoned flour, then beaten egg and milk and cover with breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot or allow to become cold and chill before serving.

H15.WW143g



UNUSUAL treatment in the garden of a home at Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W. Flower-beds set into stone or concrete can make a bright splash of color and are easy to care for. Portulacca is a particularly hardy annual, flowering in summer and autumn, for this kind of garden arrangement. Another excellent terrace plant is phlox drummondii.

TERRACE GARDENS

Every Australian garden should have a terrace where on sunny winter days or cool summer evenings people can sit out of doors to eat or relax.

TO get maximum use from it, some thought should be given to location with privacy the main object. If this doesn't exist naturally it is usually possible to achieve it with the aid of trellis or shrubs.

The terrace should be near the house to make it easier to move furniture or serve food.

Choose a flat place if there's one around because construction will be easier and cheaper.

However, if there is no flat location available, the terrace is often a good way of making use of an awkward sloping place provided filling can be obtained at a reasonable price.

The size of the terrace must be in proportion to the size of the house and garden. This probably sounds obvious, but failure to observe this rule is common, and can spoil the whole effect.

The main fault is making the terrace too narrow. Consequently it looks skimpy, and is no place for easy conversation.

A good rule is: Never have a terrace less than 8 feet wide. If possible make it square.

Bricks, sandstone, and slate make the most attractive and practical surfaces.

Grass is attractive, but you can't use it much after rain—and there is always the mowing.

Concrete is practical, but not very attractive.

A charming way to handle a terrace made of bricks, sandstone, or slate is to put plants in or around it.

It is quite common to see a decoration of tubs or pots or bright border-bed. A more unusual method is to leave spaces here and there in the paved area.

These gaps should be irregularly placed, and, of course, they shouldn't be in the area planned for table and chairs.

The soil in the gaps should be loosened with a long-bladed trowel or small fork. If the soil is naturally poor it should be enriched with some animal manure or compost and a dusting of fertiliser.

Then the spaces should be filled with a mixture of good garden loam and compost, and firmed down to a level of about one-half inch below the terrace surface.

Now it is ready for planting.

There is a range of suitable hardy and low-growing plants. Some should be chosen for their flowers, others for their sweet or aromatic scent.

GARDENING

Sweet Alice is an obvious choice.

This little annual is available in mauve or white. It will grow in shade or sun.

The seed should be sown by broadcasting it over the space selected and covering it with a thin layer of soil. Small plants can be transplanted later to other areas if desired.

Later it will be found that Sweet Alice seeds itself.

The English Daisy, *Bellis perennis*, is perfectly suited to terrace planting. The flowers formed of symmetrical rows of petals in red, pink, and white surrounding the bright yellow centre are always a special favorite.

English Daisies do best where they get some shade.

This plant is really a perennial, but in Australia it does best treated as an annual, because young plants produce better flowers. Usually the unsightly rust disease which often affects it does not become serious until the second year.

Seed is best raised in a seed-box from autumn sowings.

Violas in mauve, yellow, purple, and apricot are attractive. They have the added

merit of being easy to grow.

They will flower in the shade, but prefer an open sheltered position with plenty of sun in the winter.

Some gardeners like to use a mixed strain; others prefer to have separate colors. Good named varieties are Apricot (deep orange yellow), Blue Gem (dark blue), Grandiflora (golden yellow), and Mauve Queen (mauve).

The thymes are also ideal for terrace planting because of their aromatic scent when crushed.

This herb can be grown from cuttings or from seed.

Lemon-scented thyme is available in two strains, one of which has variegated leaves. The other has pale mauve-pink flowers.

Thymus nitidus is very suitable as it produces compact mounds of moss-like growth and little mauve flowers.

T. serpyllum, the wild thyme of Shakespeare, is another dwarf-growing variety covered with bright pink flowers in early summer. There are two other strains of this variety, one with tiny crimson flowers, the other with creeping silvery-grey foliage.

Catmint with its silvery-grey musk-scented leaves and mauve flowers is suitable if kept well controlled by pruning, so that there is always young growth. It grows from small divisions.

Lamb's Ear, *Stachys lanata*, is a hardy perennial with long silvery leaves covered in long white hairs which give them a woolly look.

If desired, combined plantings can be made provided the spaces are large enough. Daisies, violas, and catmint are specially suited to mixed planting.

This method of terrace gardening is quite simple, and a wonderful display is assured provided every three years the plants are lifted and the soil is renewed or enriched with manure or fertiliser.

Crazy paving paths can also be planted this way if they are wide and the plantings are kept to the sides.

Make the most of fruit with
smooth rich
creamy
CUSTARD



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Yours for the asking! 48 pages of wonderful, tested-and-proved recipes that keep within your budget! Just send name and address to FOSTER CLARK (Aust.) Ltd., Dept. B.E., Redfern, N.S.W., enclosing 3d. stamp for postage.



Hot or cold... fresh or stewed... fruit is delicious with Creamy Custard. And good milk certainly deserves the finest quality custard powder you can buy... Foster Clark's of course! You can taste the quality in Foster Clark's... this creamy custard is so good, so nourishing. Remember too, you're saving eggs! Serve fruit 'n' Custard often.

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CUSTARD

Children love it...
of course!



"Far whiter than
last week Look!
Mum's just tried PERSIL!"



"Trust the teenagers of to-day to teach their mothers a trick or two," says Mrs. V. M. Smith, 46 Avoca Street, Bondi, N.S.W. "I laughed when my daughter said her schoolfriends' blouses were whiter than hers because their mothers used Persil. But how true it was! I tried Persil out. And I was

simply amazed at the difference it made to my whole wash. Everything just that much whiter and cleaner and it's gentle enough for my finer things. Couldn't be more delighted."

WHY PERSIL WASHES WHITER Easy! Because Persil washes cleaner. Millions of oxygen suds search out the dirt from every thread of those soiled clothes. You can trust all your whites, coloureds and woolies in Persil.



Persil Washes Whiter!

Shelves win prize

An open-shelf kitchen unit made from a set of office shelves wins the cash prize of £3/3/- this week in our home-makers' contest.

A VICTORIAN reader, Mrs. G. H. Stevenson, 17 Park Rd., Surrey Hills, E.10, sent in the winning entry.

"I needed some shelves for china over the kitchen cupboards," she wrote. "As our household consists of men who can never find things easily, I wanted open shelves. The figure quoted by a tradesman was, at the time, beyond my resources, so I decided on a tour of second-hand shops to see whether I could get anything that would suit my requirements."

"I found a set of unbacked office shelves priced at £2, which I bought. To convert them into kitchen shelves was quite easy. They were up-ended, the board across the top removed and fixed across what then became the top of the shelves, and a backing of wall-board was put in."

"The centre partition in the shelves was cut in at a slope to make more working room on the bench on which they stand, and they were then painted a dusty-pink inside and cream outside."

"This is a practical and attractive unit in the kitchen which is equally as good as built-in shelves."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is awarded to the reader who sends in the most interesting and useful idea for converting something old into something new.

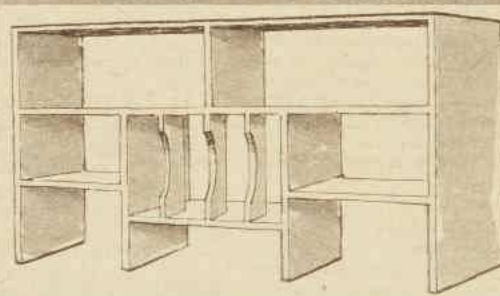
Snapshots or rough sketches to illustrate the idea and a full

description of how the article was converted should be sent with each entry.

Send your entry to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



ABOVE: This useful kitchen unit with ample shelf space for china was made from a set of second-hand office shelves bought for £2.



LEFT: Standard type of office shelves that were up-ended and converted into the kitchen shelves shown in the sketch above. Details this page.

Fathercraft is important, too

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

MUCH has been said and written about mothercraft in the past two or three decades. The important word fathercraft does not get such frequent mention.

To be successful and to give to the child the sense of security which should be its birthright, good parenthood is a dual job, and the young father needs to learn his "craft" and study the care of his baby from its earliest days, just as the mother does.

Most modern young fathers are very eager to learn how to care for and handle their coming babes, and co-operate in helping their wives with the extra work in the home that a new baby brings to the daily routine.

Now it is so difficult to get help in the home, good fathercraft is essential to lighten the burden of the young mother and housewife. If practised from the very first days of baby's home-coming, it brings the father much nearer to his

baby and to the realisation and understanding of the problems of parenthood.

Sometimes there is another woman in the home, probably a mother-in-law, who helps to care for the baby.

It is to be regretted if a young father is thus excluded from the little jobs he can learn to do for his baby, such as changing its napkin, bathing it occasionally, and sharing little household jobs with the

busy young mother.

He misses much of the early joys of practising his fathercraft from the beginning, and it makes it more difficult for him to handle and to understand his child later.

More parentcraft centres where both young parents-to-be can learn the care and management of the coming baby are essential in our densely populated areas where many families are flat-dwellers.

New family knitting book

Our wonderful new family knitting book for 1955 is now on sale. Price 1/6.

MOTHERS with families will find this new book, which caters for every age group, the answer to their winter knitting problems.

Easy-to-follow instructions and illustrations, many of them in color, are given for more than 50 designs. Included are sturdy, quick-knit sweaters for

boys, socks for every member of the family, pretty little cardigans and sweaters for girls of all ages, and lovely new designs for baby knitwear.

In addition, there are smart matching mother-and-daughter and father-and-son sets.

Get your copy today from any newsagent or bookseller, or from our head office, for only 1/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3583.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make child's pyjamas. Sizes, lengths 25in. and 29in. for 1 to 2 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material and 3yds. bias binding. Special price, 2/-.

F3579.—Attractively designed nightgown has gathered fullness caught at the waistline and under the bosom. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3578.—Housegown with flattering form-fitting bodice and wide, graceful skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 8yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3580.—Autumn-winter suit featuring loose, hip-length jacket with low-slung martingale belt and a slender-line skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

F3583



F3578

F3579

F3582

F3581

F3580

F3581.—Smart blouse and separate skirt costume. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires: blouse, 1½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast; skirt, 2yds. 54in. material. Price complete, 3/6.

F3582.—Tailored pinafore designed with front-button fastenings. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060 G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 861 — SMALL GIRL'S FROCK
The frock with contrasting collar and cuffs is obtainable cut out ready to make with full cutting-and-sewing instructions. The material is lambskin and the color choice includes cream, primrose, pale blue, and pale pink. Sizes: length 17in. for 1 year, 18½, 19in. for 2 years, 19½, 20in. for 3 years, 21½, 22in. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 862 — SUPPER CLOTH AND SERVIETTES
The cloth and matching serviettes, featuring a pretty floral design, are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, and green. Size: cloth 34in. x 36in., 16/6. Serviette, 11in. x 11in., 1/6 each. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 863 — DUCHESSE SET
The prettily designed set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, and green. Size: large mat 14in. x 14in., small mats 8½in. x 8½in. Price, 10/11. Postage and registration, 1/- extra.

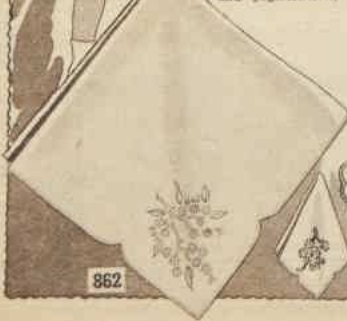
No. 864 — SKIRT
Front-buttoned skirt designed with graceful fullness and finished with twin hip pockets is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is wulchene, the color choice includes primrose, rose-mist, reseda-green, twilight-blue, and flouilla-grey. Sizes: 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist. Price, 33/9. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

No. 865 — BLOUSE
Smart long-sleeved tailored shirt blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton brushed-back Glen tartan. The choice of tartans include Dress Stewart, Victoria, Cumming, Royal Stewart, Glen Tartan, and McBeth. Sizes: 32in. and 34in., 19/9; 36in. and 38in., 21/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

NOTE—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



861



862



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... there's only one smart,

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SKIRT PLACKETS

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Whatever the application you are assured of dependable, convenient, guaranteed long-life service when you buy a



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SPORTSCRAFT'S fine tailoring plus the unmistakable quality of these famous KOOBA Woollens guarantees lasting elegance and shape-retention.



AT YOUR FAVORITE

Sportscraft SPECIALISTS

Look how good *Jam* makes these

Next time you serve doughnuts, fill the centres with a bright jam or jelly . . . looks good, tastes good. Put a choice of jam beside them, for those who want more jam filling.

The jam you always have on your pantry shelf can add a new note to some of your "family favourites". Before baking cup cakes swirl about a teaspoon of jam over the top of each cake, the jam melts right through adding a touch of colour . . . good flavour, too.

TRIFLE always makes good eating, here is a brand new recipe. Easy to make, looks wonderful.



FLOATING ISLAND TRIFLE

1 cup red jam—strawberry, raspberry or quince conserve are good; fruit or berries—fresh frozen or canned; slices of cake; 3 eggs; ½ pint milk; ½ teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup sugar

Spread cake with jam, cut into finger lengths and arrange in your prettiest bowl, alternately with drained fruit.

Now for the vanilla sauce. Separate eggs. Warm milk and vanilla essence. Beat egg yolks and ¼ cup sugar until light and very thick, add warmed milk a little at a time, continue cooking, beating constantly until mixture coats a spoon. Cool. Pour over cake and fruit. Make a meringue with egg whites, beat them quite stiff then add remaining sugar gradually. Heat some water in a fry pan, drop the meringue, a generous tablespoon at a time into the water—should be just under the boil, and poach each "island" a few minutes. Then place on top of the trifle, finish off with a dollop of the brightest jam or jelly you have on your pantry shelf.

JAM HAS HIGH ENERGY VALUE

There are 100 calories in one tablespoonful of jam—fresh fruit, from which all jam is prepared, is a rich source of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ and C, as well as the vital minerals.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has no idea of the strange adventure awaiting him in Central Africa. Brent, a writer, arrives on Dr. Dale's experimental farm where the scientist is trying to reverse the process of evolution with the help of a mysterious ray.

Experimenting with a giant lizard's egg, Dr. Dale exposes it to the ray for a minute. Suddenly he is attacked by a ferocious lion. He wakes up in hospital to find the ray has been working on the egg all night! NOW READ ON:



FUTURE T.V. STAR



4 years old—but a pop vocalist, and a lively stepper on a concert stage!

Tiny Dianne Lee, of Mentone, Victoria, is well equipped for a big future in Australian television. "Singing and dancing come easy to Dianne because she's so happy and healthy", says her mother. "We make sure we keep her that way with Vegemite every day."

Your child deserves the firm body tissues, healthy nerves, good digestion and clear skin provided by a fresh supply of vitamin B₁, B₂, and Niacin every day. Vegemite is rich in these essential vitamins because it's a pure yeast extract. Vegemite—made by Kraft. KV512

PHILIPS



were famous



even when grandma was a girl!

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HOUSEWORK



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Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your breath, and weaken your heart. Mendaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and so give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

TEENA® by Linda Terry

GEE, THE WAY THE FELLAS JUST FLOCK AROUND HER... HOW DOES SHE DO IT...??



SHE MUST HAVE SOME TRICK OR A SYSTEM OF SOME KIND!

MAYBE IF WE WATCH HER, WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.



I BEG YOUR PARDON... HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU BEFORE? ...ON THE STAGE, PERHAPS? OR IN A MOVIE?



MY FRIEND AND I WOULD LIKE TO SETTLE A BET... HE SAYS YOU MUST BE A MODEL, AND I SAY YOU'RE A MOVIE STAR...



I SAY, YOU HAVE AN EXTREMELY LOVELY FACE. ARE YOU AN ACTRESS BY ANY CHANCE?



SO THAT'S IT! WELL, WE CAN DO THAT JUST AS EASILY AS SHE CAN!



I BEG YOUR PARDON... MY FRIEND AND I WERE JUST WONDERING... ARE YOU A MOVIE ACTOR?



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"CELIA"—Smartly styled pinafore has a scooped-out neck line and front-button fastening. The pinafore is obtainable in good quality velveteen; the color choice includes rich red, American beauty, mid-brown, mid-green, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 88/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 89/9. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 89/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 71/9. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

"CELIA"—Slim-line skirt features an inverted pleat at centre back. The skirt is obtainable in a wool check (tweed); the color choice includes green, dark navy, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24 1/2in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 48/6. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 36/9. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

"KIM"—Attractive blouse designed with a Peter Pan collar and full ruffled sleeves is obtainable in slipper satin. The color choice includes white, magnolia, pink, and sky-blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 63/3. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 43/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 48/9. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

• Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

You'll never be solo with

ROLO

Said debonair Tony Anatolo

I owe my successes to ROLO

When ROLO appears

They rush me, the dears!

I'll never stay solo with ROLO!



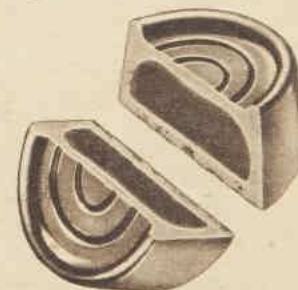
"Such delicious flavour"



"Such creamy goodness"



"So convenient for pocket or purse"



new delicious milk chocolates with caramel centres

1¢ A PACKET

MACKINTOSH OF ENGLAND'S ROLO MADE UNDER LICENCE BY

MacRobertson

THE GREAT NAME IN CONFECTIONERY

M7.28.WW.

Page 71

Lunch!!!



WITH

Arnott's *famous* MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits

A national favorite with little parties
and big ones.
Delicious
Wholesome
Nutritious
All kiddies love them.

There is no Substitute for Quality.